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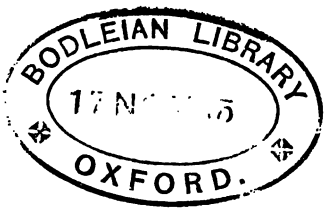

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Arithmetic.—*A sum in compound rules* (*common weights and measures*).

* In nine schools out of ten, 'the reading-book used in the first class of the school' will probably be the Fifth Standard. If a higher class is reading *Standard Six*, the same class ought *also* to read Standard Five, and in this way the fifth class will be examined on the Fifth Standard which it is reading. In any case, the teacher will find that the surest way of meeting the requirements of the Code will be by thoroughly mastering the exercises in the Standard which the pupils are reading.

CONTENTS

OF

BOOK V.—STANDARD V.

FIRST PART.

		PAGE
The Morning-Glass, . . .	*From the French*,	9
The Traveller (*poetry*), . . .	*Moral Songs*,	12
The Farmer and the Lawyer, .	*From the French*,	14
On May Morning (*poetry*), . .	*Milton*,	17
History of Hassan the Ropemaker, .	*Arabian Nights*,	17–26
King John and the Abbot of Canterbury,	*Old Ballad*,	27
The Paroquet, ...		31
A Lesson in Politeness, ...		33
The Mountebank and the Countryman, . . .		34
The Ass and his Masters, ...		35
Mary-Ann's Child (*poetry*), . .	*Barnes*,	36
A True Story, ...	*Mrs W. Smith*,	37–44
A Fable, ...		44
Napoleon and the Sailor (*poetry*), .	*Campbell*, .	45
The Fox without a Tail, ...		48

		PAGE
A Crocodile Hunt,	*Warburton*,	49
The Council of Horses (*poetry*),	*J. Gay*,	51
Sister Jane's Lessons,		53
The Fakenham Ghost (*A Ballad*),	*Bloomfield*,	55
A Storm at Sea: The Soldier's Wife,	*Hugh Miller*,	58
Oh that mine Eyes (*poetry*),		62
The Ass and his Master,	*From the French*,	63
Antony Canova the Sculptor,	*Masson*,	64
The Ass, the Fox, and the Lion—*A Fable*,		66
The Ass in the Lion's Skin,		67
Harvest-Hymn (*poetry*),	*Mrs Hemans*,	68
A Frost-Bitten Nose,	*Dumas*,	70
OLD WORLD STORIES:		
The Lotus-Eaters,	*Cox*,	73
The Two Sacks (*poetry*),		78
My Native Land—*A Song*,		78
THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER,	*J. Minshull*,	79
CHAP. 1. The Night-School,		79
" 2. Breaking up Old Friendships,		86
" 3. Giving away the Prizes,		92
" 4. The Bonfire,		97
The Kitten and Falling Leaves (*poetry*),	*Wordsworth*,	101
The Wild Swans,	*Andersen*,	102–118
Adventure with a Bear in the Arctic Sea,	*Scoresby*,	119
Encounter with a Wild Tribe in Australia—	*Captain Spencer's Adventures*,	122
Story of a Goat,	*From the French*,	125
The Fishing-Boat (*A Song*),	*Mary Howitt*,	127
The Miser Punished,	*A Dialogue*,	129

PAGE

'Look Aloft!' (*poetry*), . . *By C. L.*, . 130

Crossing an Australian Desert—

Captain Spencer's Adventures, 131–137

Vanity Punished (*a dramatic piece*), . . 137–146

Winter (*poetry*), ... *Shakspeare*, 146

The Forest Fire (*adapted*), ... 147

The Plough (*A Song*), ... 151

The Sailor (*A Song*), ... 152

SECOND PART.

Old World Stories:

Iô and Prometheus, . . . *Cox*, . 154

The Redbreast Chasing the Butterfly—

(*poetry*), ... *Wordsworth*, . 159

The Australian Shepherd's Story, . *Howitt*, . 161–171

The Fountain (*poetry*), ... 171

Alice Fell; or Poverty (*poetry*), . . *Wordsworth*, 173

Boots and his Brothers, . . *Dasent*, . . 175

The Three Fishers (*poetry*), . . *Kingsley*, . 181

Past and Present (*poetry*), . . *Hood*, . . 182

The Chain of Destruction, *abridged from W. Howitt*, 183–189

The Prisoner's Flower, . . . *Saintine*, . 190

The Child and the Wind (*poetry*), . *Moral Songs*, 194

Stories of Dogs, . . *Chambers's Miscellany*, 195

To-Morrow (*poetry*), . . *Collins*, . . 201

Adventure with a Lion, . . *Livingstone*, 202

The Elfin Plough, . . . *A Fairy Tale*, 205

PAGE

Ye Mariners of England (*poetry*), . *Campbell*, . 212

The Shepherd's Home (*poetry*), . *W. Shenstone*, 214

The Tempest (*A Tale from Shakspeare, adapted by Charles Lamb*), ... 215–229

Tom's First Adventure, ... 229–236

Christmas in the Bush (*poetry*), ... 236

HARRY BERTRAM:

PART 1. Machinery, ... 237

" 2. Capital and Competition, ... 241

" 3. Taxes and Government, ... 246

" 4. Health, Ventilation, &c., ... 250

The Oak-Tree (*poetry*), ... 254

STANDARD V.

PART FIRST.

THE MORNING-GLASS.

[*Spell and write*]

comparatively, indicating, conscience, possessed, cultivated, familiarity, millionaire, additional, necessary, independence, decided, solicitations, premature, respectable, wretchedness, benefactor.

One day, while walking along the road, I overtook a carrier's cart, and entered into conversation with the carrier. He was a comparatively young man, of good exterior, his looks indicating robust health and a good conscience. In the course of conversation, I learned that he possessed some acres of land, which he cultivated in the intervals of carrying goods. He was telling me the history of his little estate, as he laughingly called it, when a man passed us, miserably clad, bent, and with gray hair hanging down on his shoulders. As he passed, I observed him. He gave a drunken salutation to the carrier, who replied in a tone of familiarity which surprised me.

'Is he a friend of yours?' I asked.

'That man,' said he, 'is my greatest benefactor.'

I looked surprised.

'That may surprise you,' he continued; 'but it is easily explained. John Pick (for that is his name) and I were brought up from infancy as neighbours. When a young man, John was a good enough fellow, but loved to lead a "jolly life," as it is called. We were engaged by the same master; and, the first morning on our way to work, John and our other fellow-workmen stopped at a tavern to have a morning-glass. I stood at the door, doubtful how to act, but they all pressed me to enter.

"I see," said John, "he is afraid of being ruined; a penny saved, he perhaps thinks, will make a millionaire of him!"

'The bystanders laughed; I felt ashamed, and took my glass with the others. Meanwhile, I was set a-thinking by John's remark, and all day while at work I reflected on what he had said. The price of the glass of spirits was not worth mentioning; but repeated daily, it ended by costing £1, 10*s.* 5*d.* a year. I at once set to counting what could be done with this sum.

"£1, 10*s.* 5*d.*," I said to myself, "when one takes up house, will enable me to rent an additional room—that is to say, it will be an ease to my wife, a source of health to the children, and of good-humour to the husband.

"It would furnish fuel for the winter, and give us sun in our little house, when there is nothing but snow outside.

"It is the price of a goat, whose milk would add to our home comforts.

"It is the cost of putting two or three children to school."

'Then turning my thoughts in another direction, I said:

"£1, 10*s.* 5*d.*, is what our neighbour Hodge pays for the acre which he cultivates, and with it supports his family. It is the interest of the sum necessary to purchase the horse and cart, which the tax-collector has for sale. With this money, spent every morning to the damage of my health, I can create for myself an independence, rear a family, and lay by for my old age."

'These calculations decided me. I laid aside the false shame which had made me once yield to the solicitations of my comrades. I laid by what I should otherwise have spent, and ere long was able to drive a bargain with the carrier, whom I had succeeded. I continued to economise while not denying myself the necessaries or comforts of life, while John persevered in the life of a "jolly fellow;" and now you see to what end we have both come. The rags of my poor comrade, his premature old age, the contempt with which all respectable men regard him, on the one hand; on the other, my sound health, my personal comfort, my good reputation—both this and that, the results of a habit early formed. His wretchedness may be traced to the morning-glass; my success, to the penny which it cost.'

[*Write from dictation*]

He was a comparatively young man, and possessed a face indicating a good conscience and a cultivated mind, and the respectable independence of his manner formed a strong contrast to the craven wretchedness of the premature old man, whom he treated with so much familiarity.

THE TRAVELLER.

1.

A weary man with dusty feet,
Came slowly down the village street,
And paused to look with wistful gaze,
Where, through the smithy's open door,
The restless fire doth crack and roar,
For the great bellows evermore
Do set it in a blaze.

2.

The blacksmith has a six-year child,
A blue-eyed maiden, coy and mild,
She saw the wish his look expressed;
And with her small white apron neat,
She dusted down the dark brown seat,
And prayed him, with a smile most sweet,
To enter there, and rest.

3.

The child brought forth the cup of milk,
With tiny hand as soft as silk,
She held it to the traveller's lip;
And as he drank it thankfully,
He whispered to the maiden shy,
How far away his home did lie;
Beyond the mountain's tip—

4.

Beyond the river rolling bright;
And he had far to go that night,
By barren hill, and wooded vale:
The blacksmith on his hammer leant,
The boy above the bellows bent,
The fire died out; while both intent,
Hung on the traveller's tale.

5.

And still he spoke in gentle tone,
Unto the little child alone,
  While glistened soft her eyes of blue,
'And art thou grieved because for me
The road outspreads so wearily?
Child, better should I weep for thee,
  Thou art a traveller too.

6.

'Life's journey long, before thee lies,
In summer heat, 'neath wintry skies,
  A weary way thy foot must roam;
For every one who treads the earth,
In joy or pain, in woe or mirth,
Is but a traveller from his birth,
  And all are going home.

7.

'Yet on, my child, nor look behind,
But journey with an earnest mind:
  God and His angels give thee aid,
Till, the long toilsome journey done,
Thou see at last at set of sun,
That distant country duly won,
  And rest within its shade.'

8.

The old man rose, and passed once more
With feeble step the open door,
  The child scarce bidding him to stay;
The blacksmith struck another blow,
The fire roused up, began to glow,
And still she stood, and murmured low,
  'My home is far away.'

THE FARMER AND THE LAWYER.

[*Spell and write*]

business, reputation, numerous, fatigued, inheritance, opportunity, difficulties, neighbouring, experience, consequently.

One day, a farmer named Bernard, having finished his business at the market-town, found some hours of leisure at his disposal, and resolved to employ them in consulting a lawyer. He had often heard of Mr Longhead as a man of the highest reputation; and inquiring the address, he went to his house.

Having found his way into his presence, after numerous other clients had departed, he was asked to take a seat and state his business.

'The fact is, Mr Longhead,' said the farmer, turning his hat round and round in his hand, 'I have heard so much of your wisdom that, finding myself in town, and with an hour or two at my disposal, I thought I could not spend them better than by having an opinion from you.'

'I am obliged by your confidence, my friend,' said the lawyer; 'no doubt you have some case going on in the courts of law?'

'Case! I hold all cases in horror; and never has Bernard had a word of dispute with any one.'

'Then it is a division of family property?'

'Excuse me, sir; our family, living as we do all together, have never divided our inheritance.'

'Some contract of sale or purchase, then, is what you want.'

'Oh, no—not at all!'

'What, then, can you want with me?' said the lawyer, much surprised.

'Why, sir,' said Bernard, with a broad grin, 'I have told you; I want an opinion—my money is ready, of course—for I wish to profit by being in town, do you see.'

Mr Longhead smiled, took a pen, and asked the farmer his name.

'Peter Bernard,' he replied, glad at being at last understood.

'Your age?'

'Forty years, or thereby.'

'Your profession?'

'My profession! You mean what I do? Oh, I am a farmer.'

The lawyer wrote two lines, folded the paper, and gave it to his strange client.

'Done already?' cried Bernard. 'Well, to be sure—before one can say Jack Robinson. What is to pay, learned sir?'

'One guinea.'

Bernard paid gladly, made his bow, and went away much pleased at having profited by the opportunity.

When he reached home, it was four o'clock. The journey had fatigued him, and he entered the house resolved to rest. His hay had been cut for some days, and was now dry; and a lad came to ask if it should be carried in.

'To-night!' said the farmer's wife, who had now joined her husband; 'it would be a sin to go to work again so late, when the work can be done as well to-morrow.'

The lad said that the weather might change, and that the carts and everything were ready; but the farmer's wife would not hear of it.

Bernard listened to the two, and was at a loss how to decide, when all of a sudden he recalled the lawyer's note. 'A moment,' he cried; 'I have an *opinion*. I had it of

a famous man, and it cost me a guinea. It will get us out of all our difficulties. Wife, you can read—here it is; what does it say?'

The wife took the paper, and read these two lines: 'PETER BERNARD, NEVER PUT OFF TILL TO-MORROW WHAT YOU CAN DO TO-DAY.'

'There you have it,' cried the farmer, delighted. 'Come, look sharp; out with the carts, the lads, and the lasses, and let us bring in the hay.'

His wife would fain have resisted; but he declared that he was not going to pay a guinea for an opinion for no good, and that the advice of the lawyer must be followed; and he himself set the example, by going out to the field at once.

What followed shewed the wisdom of his conduct; for during the night the weather changed—an unforeseen storm burst over the valley; and, on the following day, the river had overflowed its banks, and dragged all the outstanding hay into its current. The harvest of the neighbouring farmers was entirely destroyed; Bernard alone lost nothing.

This first experience gave him such faith in the lawyer's opinion, that he adopted it for a rule of conduct, and consequently became—thanks to his method and industry—one of the wealthiest farmers in the country. Nor did he forget that he owed it to the lawyer, to whom he carried every year a couple of fat fowls.

[*Write from dictation*]

After finishing his market business, the farmer resolved to make a good use of his opportunity, and obtain an opinion from a lawyer of experience and reputation. He consequently waited on the lawyer as one of numerous clients, and procured advice which carried him over many difficulties.

ON MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
Hail! bounteous May, that doth inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire!
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

THE HISTORY OF HASSAN THE ROPEMAKER.

[*Spell and write*]

comprehend, constitute, situation, salutations, astonished, sufficient, benefactor, neighbourhood, melancholy, liberality, circumstances, independently, immediately.

In order to make you comprehend the means by which I obtained my present wealth, I must begin by speaking of two friends, the one called Saadi, and the other Saad. Saadi, who is very rich, has always been of opinion that a man cannot be happy in this world without such a fortune as shall enable him to live independently of every one. Saad thinks differently; he maintains that virtue ought to constitute the happiness of men, without more of the good things of this world than is necessary to supply our

real wants. One day, in a conversation nearly on this subject, Saadi asserted that the poor are poor only because they cannot come at a sum of money large enough to enable them by industry to improve their fortunes.

Saad was of opinion that a poor man may become rich by many other means, as well as with a large sum of money. Some days after this dispute, it happened that the two friends passed through that part of the town where I was at work as a ropemaker. My situation and dress clearly shewed my poverty.

'Let us accost this man,' said Saadi, 'and see if he is as poor as he seems to be.'

The two friends came to me, and after the usual salutations, when I had told them my name; 'Hassan,' said Saadi, 'as there is not any trade which does not support its master, I am astonished that you have not saved something, and bought a good stock of hemp to increase your business.'

'Sir,' I replied, 'you will cease to be surprised when I tell you that though I work hard from morning till night, it is with difficulty I can earn enough to procure bread and vegetables for myself and family. I have a wife and five children, and not one of the latter is of an age to give me any assistance. It is sufficient that we are contented with the little it pleases Heaven to give us, and are not under the necessity of begging.'

On hearing this, the generous Saadi drew a purse from his bosom, and putting it into my hand: 'Take it,' said he, 'you will find two hundred pieces of gold in it, make a good use of them.'

I was so transported with joy that I could not speak. I put out my hand to seize the border of my benefactor's

robe to kiss it, but he instantly withdrew it, and they continued their walk. After they were gone, my first thought was where I should put the purse for safety. In my little house I had neither box nor chest with a lock to it. As I had been used, like other poor people in my way of life, to hide the little money I had in my turban, I went into my house, drew ten pieces of gold out of the purse, and wrapped the remainder in the folds of linen which went round my cap. The principal expense of that day was to buy a good stock of hemp, and as I had not had a bit of meat for a long time, I went to the market and bought some for supper.

Returning to my home, I held the meat in my hand, when a half-starved kite darted upon it, and in the effort I made to resist him, my turban fell to the ground. Immediately the kite let go his hold, and, seizing my turban, flew away with it. I uttered such piercing cries, that the men, women, and children in the neighbourhood were alarmed, and joined their cries to mine, but without frightening the kite, who carried my turban so far that we quite lost sight of him.

I returned home very melancholy at the loss I had sustained, but what gave me most uneasiness was the little satisfaction my benefactor would receive from his ill-placed liberality.

It was about six months after the kite had caused this misfortune, when the two friends passed at a little distance from the place in which I lived. This naturally brought me to their recollection.

'Let us go,' said Saad, 'and see if the two hundred pieces of gold that you gave Hassan have put him in the way to be at least in a better situation than that in which we found him.'

'I wish to do so,' replied Saadi, 'you are going to see a great alteration in him; I question whether we shall know him again.'

Saad, who first saw me in the distance, said to his friend: 'I see Hassan; but the only difference I can discover is that his turban is not quite so dirty.'

On coming near, Saadi saw that Saad was right, and was so much astonished that it was not he who spoke when they came up.

'Well, Hassan,' said Saad, 'we do not ask how your affairs have prospered; the two hundred pieces of gold must have helped to improve them.'

'Gentlemen,' replied I, 'I am much mortified to be compelled to tell you both that your expectations as well as mine have not been attended with the success I had promised myself.' I then told them my adventure, with all the circumstances which I have just related.

Saadi gave no credit to the story. 'Hassan,' said he, 'you make a jest of us: and you wish to deceive me. Kites do not attack turbans.' Saad took my part, and related many histories of kites not less surprising than mine, some of which he had himself known.

'Saad,' said his friend, 'you are now at liberty to convince me that there are other means which can make the fortune of a poor man.'

Saad held a piece of lead in his hand, which he shewed to Saadi. 'You have seen me,' replied he, 'pick up this piece of lead, which lay at my foot: I am going to give it to Hassan, and you will see how valuable it will prove to him.' Saadi burst into a violent fit of laughter, while I thought Saad was only amusing himself. However, I took the piece of lead, thanking him for it, and put

it carelessly into my bosom. The two friends left me to finish their walk. I went on with my work.

[*Write from dictation*]

The poor man was mortified to have to confess the melancholy results of his benefactor's liberality. It was manifest that his circumstances were no better than when the two friends first met him. The generous friend immediately refused to believe his tale. The other gave him a piece of lead, and assured the astonished ropemaker it would prove valuable.

STORY OF HASSAN—*continued.*

[*Spell and write*]

absolutely, necessary, expressed, advantage, extinguished, surprised, perceived, served, proportion.

That very night, it happened that one of my neighbours, a fisherman, in preparing his nets, found that he wanted a piece of lead; and at that hour he could not buy any, as the shops were all shut. It was, however, absolutely necessary for him to get some, that he might procure food for himself and his family, by going to fish two hours before daylight. He expressed his vexation to his wife, and sent her to ask the neighbours to supply his want. The wife went from door to door on both sides of the street, but could not get any lead. At last, grumbling and scolding, she came to my door. I had been some time asleep, but I awoke, and asked what she wanted. 'Hassan,' said the woman, raising her voice, 'my husband wants a little bit of lead to mend his nets; and if by chance you have any, he begs you would give him a piece.'

The piece of lead that Saad had given me was fresh in my memory, so I answered my neighbour, that I had some, and if she would wait a moment, my wife should bring it her. The fisherman's wife was delighted that she had not come so far for nothing: 'Neighbour,' said she to my wife, 'the service you have done my husband and me is so great, that I promise you all the fish my husband shall catch in the first throw of his nets.'

The fisherman, charmed to find the lead he so much wanted, approved the promise his wife had made. He finished mending his nets, and went to fish two hours before daylight as usual. In the first throw of his net, he caught only one fish; but it was more than a foot long. He had afterwards many other draughts, but the fish were much smaller than the first he caught. I was extremely surprised as I was at work to see him come towards me, bringing the fish. 'Neighbour,' said he, 'my wife promised you, last night, all the fish that I caught at the first throw of my nets. I have only this one for you; had my nets been full, they would in like manner have been yours. Take it, I entreat you, such as it is!'

I accepted the fish, and carried it to my wife, who, in cleaning it, found a large diamond, which she supposed to be glass. She gave it to the youngest of our children as a plaything. At night, when the lamp was lighted, our children, who were still playing with it, perceived that it became brighter in proportion as my wife hid the light of the lamp, by carrying it about to prepare supper, and they made such a noise over it as nearly stunned us. I called the eldest to me, and asked him what was the reason they made so much noise. 'Father,' said he, 'it is on account of a piece of glass which shines brightest

when we turn our backs to the lamp!" I made him bring it me, and tried it myself. I bid my wife hide the lamp in the chimney. She did so. I saw the supposed piece of glass gave so much light that we could almost have done without the lamp to go to bed by. 'Here,' said I, 'is another advantage which the piece of lead procures us, in saving us the expense of oil.' When my children saw I had extinguished the lamp, and that the piece of glass supplied the place of it, they shouted so loud as to be heard throughout the neighbourhood. My wife and I increased the noise by trying to make them hold their tongues, but we could not entirely carry our point till they were in bed and asleep.

[Write from dictation]

When the fisherman obtained the lead, which was absolutely necessary to him, he promised Hassan his first draught of fishes; and when Hassan's wife opened the one fish which came to his share, she perceived a piece of glass, which she threw to her children as a plaything. The piece of glass, to their surprise, shone brightly even when the lamp was extinguished, and turned out to be a valuable diamond.

STORY OF HASSAN—*concluded.*

[Spell and write]

acquainted, examining, increase, repeatedly, bargained, abatement, exhausted, accordingly, considerable, introduced.

The house next to mine belonged to a very rich Jew, by trade a jeweller; and the next day when I was gone to my work, the Jew's wife came in to complain how much their sleep had been disturbed by my children's noise. 'My good Rachel,' said my wife, 'I am very sorry, but

you know what children are—a trifle will make them laugh, and a trifle will make them cry. Come in, and I will shew you the cause of the noise.' The Jewess entered, and my wife shewed her the diamond. 'See here,' said she, 'it was this piece of glass which caused all the noise you heard last night.' The Jewess, who was acquainted with all sorts of stones, was examining the diamond, while my wife told her how she had found it; and when she had done, she returned it to her, and begged her, if she thought of selling it, not to let anybody see it without giving her notice of it.

The Jew was absent at his shop, and his wife went to him and told him of the diamond she had discovered. He sent her back to treat with my wife, ordering her to offer at first a trifling sum, and to increase it in proportion to the difficulties she found.

The Jewess, according to her husband's direction, spoke to my wife in private, and asked her whether she would take twenty pieces of gold for it. For a piece of glass, as she supposed it to be, my wife thought this a considerable sum. I came home whilst they were talking at the door. My wife stopped me to ask if I would sell the piece of glass for twenty pieces of gold. I did not give an immediate answer; and the Jewess, thinking my silence arose from contempt of the sum, said: 'Neighbour, I will give you fifty pieces for it, will that satisfy you?' As I saw the Jewess so quickly raised the sum from twenty to fifty pieces, I told her she was far below the price I expected for it.

'Neighbour,' replied she, 'take a hundred pieces of gold; it is a great deal of money—I do not know if my husband would approve of my offering so much.'

At this new rise, I told her I would have a hundred

thousand pieces of gold for it; that I knew the diamond was worth more, but to please her and her husband, who were our neighbours, I would be contented with this sum, and that if they refused it, other jewellers would give me more. The Jewess repeatedly offered as far as fifty thousand pieces of gold, which I refused.

'I dare not,' said she, 'offer more without my husband's leave! I shall take it as a favour if you will wait till he has spoken to you, and seen the diamond.'

This I promised.

At night, when the Jew came home, he asked to see the diamond. I desired him to come in, and shewed it him. He took it, and after having examined it a long time: 'Well, neighbour,' said he, 'my wife tells me she has offered you fifty thousand pieces of gold; I offer you twenty thousand more.'

'Neighbour,' returned I, 'your wife might have told you that the price I have set upon it is a hundred thousand.'

He bargained a long time, but could not get me to make any abatement, and at last the bargain was concluded at my own price.

The next day the Jew brought me the hundred thousand pieces of gold, and I delivered up the diamond.

The sale being thus concluded, I became rich. I returned thanks to Heaven, and should have gone to throw myself at the feet of the two friends, had I known where they lived.

I thought afterwards of the proper use I ought to make of the money. My wife wished me to buy handsome clothes, to purchase a house, and furnish it. 'Wife,' said I, 'it is not with these expenses that we ought to begin. We must proceed in such a way that we may have a fund

from which we may draw, without fear of its being exhausted.'

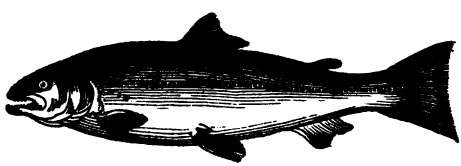
I accordingly engaged workmen in my own trade to work for me, till all the ropemakers in Bagdad were employed by me; I hired warehouses to receive their work, and to sell it in, and soon my profits and revenue were considerable.

Some time had passed, when Saad and Saadi, one day passing through the street in their walk, were much astonished not to find me. Their wonder increased when they heard I had become a very great merchant, and had built a house like a palace. They came in search of me, and when they were introduced, I arose from my seat, ran to them, and would have kissed the border of their robes, but they prevented me. I then told them the adventure of the fish, and when I had done, Saadi said to Saad: 'I give up my opinion, and allow with you that money is not always a certain means to become rich.'

The two friends stayed for two nights at my house, well pleased to know that I did not make an ill use of the fortune which, after Heaven, I owed to them.

[*Write from dictation*]

My neighbour, the Jew, was acquainted with the value of the jewel, and after examining it, bargained with me, hoping to secure some abatement in my price; but I exhausted his patience, and compelled him to increase his offer to a very considerable sum.



KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY

1.

An ancient story I'll tell you anon
Of a notable prince, that was called King John;
And he ruled England with main and with might,
For he did great wrong and maintained little right.

2.

And I'll tell you a story, a story so merry,
Concerning the abbot of Canterbury;
How for his housekeeping and high renown,
They rode post for him to fair London town.

3.

An hundred men, the king did hear say,
The abbot kept in his house every day;
And fifty gold chains, without any doubt,
In velvet coats waited the abbot about.

4.

'How now, Father Abbot, I hear it of thee,
Thou keepest a far better house than me;
And for thy housekeeping and high renown,
I fear thou work'st treason against my crown.'

5.

'My liege,' quoth the abbot, 'I would it were known,
I never spend aught but what is my own:
And I trust your Grace will do me no deere
For spending of my own true gotten geere.'

6.

'Yea, yea, Father Abbot, thy fault it is high,
And now for the same thou needest must die;
For except thou canst answer me questions three,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie.

7.

'And first,' quoth the king, 'when I'm in this stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birth,
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worth.

8.

'Secondly, tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride the whole world about;
And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think.'

9.

'O these are hard questions for my shallow wit,
Nor I cannot answer your Grace as yet;
But if you will give me but three weeks' space,
I'll do my endeavour to answer your Grace.'

10.

'Now three weeks' space to thee will I give,
And that is the longest time thou hast to live;
If thou dost not answer my questions three,
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to me.'

11.

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,
And he rode to Cambridge and Oxenford;
But never a doctor there was so wise,
That could with his learning an answer devise.

12.

Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold,
And he met his shepherd agoing to fold:
'How now, my Lord Abbot, you are welcome home;
What news do you bring us from good King John?'

13.

'Sad news, sad news, shepherd, I must give,
That I have but three days more to live;
For if I do not answer him questions three,
My head will be smitten from my bodie.

14.

'The first is to tell him there in that stead,
With his crown of gold so fair on his head,
Among all his liege-men so noble of birth,
To within one penny of what he is worth.

15.

'The second, to tell him without any doubt,
How soon he may ride this whole world about;
And at the third question I must not shrink,
But tell him there truly what he does think.'

16.

'Now, cheer up, Sir Abbot, did you never hear yet
That a fool he may learn a wise man wit?
Lend me horse, and serving-men, and your apparel,
And I'll ride to London to answer your quarrel.

17.

'Nay, frown not, if it hath been told unto me,
I am like your lordship as ever may be;
And if you will but lend me your gown,
There is none shall know us in fair London town.'

18.

'Now horses and serving-men thou shalt have,
With sumptuous array most gallant and brave,
With crozier and mitre, and rochet and cope,
Fit to appear 'fore our father the pope.'

19.

'Now welcome, Sir Abbot,' the king he did say,
''Tis well thou'rt come back to keep thy day:
For and if thou canst answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy living both saved shall be.

20.

'And first, when thou see'st me here in this stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birth,
Tell me to one penny what I am worth.'

21.

'For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
Among the false Jews, as I have been told:
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,
For I think thou art one penny worser than He.'

22.

The king he laughed, and swore by St Bittel,
'I did not think I had been worth so little!
Now, secondly, tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride this whole world about.'

23.

'You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same
Until the next morning he riseth again;
And then your Grace need not make any doubt
But in twenty-four hours you 'll ride it about.'

24.

The king he laughed, and swore by St Jone,
'I did not think it could be gone so soon.
Now from the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think.'

25.

'Yea, that I shall do and make your Grace merry;
You think I'm the abbot of Canterbury;
But I'm his poor shepherd, as plain you may see,
That am come to beg pardon for him and for me.'

26.

The king he laughed, and swore by the mass,
'I'll make thee lord abbot this day in his place!'
'Nay, nay, my liege, be not in such speed,
For alack, I can neither write nor read!'

27.

'Four nobles a week, then, I will give thee,
For this merry jest thou hast shewn unto me;
And tell the old abbot, when thou com'st home,
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King John.'

THE PAROQUET.

[*Spell and write*]

education, completed, accurately, pronounces, marvellous, simpleton.

Hindu Merchant. My pretty Polly, now your education is completed, I must make a good profit out of you.

Polly. There's not the least doubt of that.

Hindu. Very good; I want some money, and as you are worth your weight in gold, I shall soon find some one to buy you.

Polly. There's not the least doubt of that.

Nabob. What do I hear? Is it your parrot that pronounces this sentence so accurately?

Polly. There's not the least doubt of that.

Nabob. I am charmed with so marvellous a creature. What will you sell your parrot for?

Hindu. Are you worth a hundred dollars, Polly?

Polly. There's not the least doubt of that.

Nabob. Here is a hundred dollars then, and I'll carry the bird away with me. What a capital bargain! This learned parrot is worth at least three hundred dollars.

On the following day:

Nabob. My friends, here is the marvellous bird which I bought yesterday for a hundred dollars. Hear it speak. Good-day, Polly—pretty little Polly! I see, Miss Polly is in a bad temper this morning, and will not talk. Polly! speak, pretty Poll!—What a simpleton I was to give one hundred dollars for this stupid parrot!

Polly. There's not the least doubt of that.

[*Write from dictation*]

The nabob thought himself a simpleton for having given a hundred dollars for the parrot; though it had completed its education, and could pronounce a few words accurately, it was not so marvellous a creature as he imagined.

A LESSON IN POLITENESS.

[*Spell and write*]

frequently, similar, respectfully, compliments, admission, heartily.

A friend of Dean Swift's one day sent him a turbot as a present by a servant lad, who had frequently been on similar errands, but had never received anything from the dean for his trouble. Having gained admission, he opened the study door, and putting down the fish on the floor, cried out rudely: 'Master has sent you a turbot.'

'Young man,' said the dean, rising from his easy-chair, 'is that the way you deliver a message? Let me teach you better manners. Sit down in my chair; we will change places, and I will shew you how to behave in future.'

The boy sat down, and the dean going to the door, came up to the table respectfully, and making a low bow, said: 'Sir, my master presents his kind compliments, hopes you are well, and requests your acceptance of a small present.'

'Does he,' replied the boy; 'return him my best thanks, and there 's half-a-crown for yourself.'

The dean, thus caught in his own trap, laughed heartily, and gave the boy a crown for his ready wit.

[*Write from dictation*]

The boy had frequently been on similar errands, and had not behaved so respectfully as he ought when he obtained admission.

THE MOUNTEBANK AND THE COUNTRYMAN.

[*Spell and write*]

patrician, theatrical, entertainment, extravagant, prepossessed, emulation, apparatus, imitated.

A certain wealthy patrician, intending to treat the Roman people to some theatrical entertainment, publicly offered a reward to any one who would produce a novel spectacle. Incited by emulation, artists arrived from all parts to contest the prize, among whom a well-known witty mountebank gave out that he had a new kind of entertainment that had never yet been produced on any stage. This report being spread abroad, brought the whole city together. The theatre could hardly contain the number of spectators. And when the artist appeared alone upon the stage, without any apparatus, or any assistants, curiosity and suspense kept the spectators in profound silence. On a sudden, he thrust his hand down into his bosom, and mimicked the squeaking of a young pig so naturally, that the audience insisted upon it that he had one under his cloak, and ordered him to be searched, which being done, and nothing appearing, they loaded him with the most extravagant applause.

A countryman among the audience observed what passed: 'Oh!' says he, 'I can do better than this;' and immediately gave out that he would perform the next day. Accordingly, on the morrow, a yet greater crowd was collected. Prepossessed, however, in favour of the mountebank, they came rather to laugh at the countryman than to pass a fair judgment on him. They both came out upon the stage. The mountebank grunts away first, and calls forth the greatest clapping and applause.

Then the countryman, pretending that he concealed a little pig under his garments (and he had, in fact, really got one), pinched its ear till he made it squeak. The people cried out that the mountebank had imitated the pig much more naturally, and hooted the countryman off the stage; but he, to convict them to their face, produced the real pig from his bosom. 'And now, gentlemen, you may see,' said he, 'what a pretty sort of judges you are!'

[*The above difficult lesson will form an excellent one in dictation.*]

THE ASS AND HIS MASTERS.

An ass, that belonged to a gardener, and had little to eat and much to do, besought Jupiter to free him from the gardener's service and give him another master. Jupiter, angry at his discontent, made him over to a potter. He had now heavier burdens than before, and again appealed to Jupiter to relieve him, who accordingly contrived that he should be sold to a tanner. The ass, having now fallen into worse hands than ever, and daily observing how his master was employed, exclaimed, with a groan: 'Alas, wretch that I am! it had been better for me to have remained content with my former masters, for now I see that my present owner not only works me harder while living, but will not even spare my hide when I am dead!'

[*Write the above fable from dictation.**]

* The story which follows is very easy reading, and in this way the pupil has time to write these fables from dictation, without retarding his progress in reading.

MARY-ANN'S CHILD.*

1.

Mary-Ann was alone with her baby in arms,
In her house with the trees overhead,
For her husband was out in the night and the storms,
In his business a-toiling for bread;
And she, as the wind in the elm-heads did roar,
Did grieve to think he was all night out of door.

2.

And her kinsfolk and neighbours did say of her child
(Under the lofty elm-tree),
That a prettier never did babble and smile
Up a-top of a proud mother's knee;
And his mother did toss him, and kiss him, and call
Him her darling, and life, and her hope, and her all.

3.

But she found in the evening the child was not well
(Under the gloomy elm-tree),
And she felt she would give all the world for to tell
Of a truth what his ailing could be;
And she thought on him last in her prayers at night,
And she looked at him last as she put out the light.

4.

And she found him grow worse in the dead of the night
(Under the gloomy elm-tree),
And she pressed him against her warm bosom so tight,
And she rocked him so sorrowfully;
And there, in his anguish, a-nestling he lay,
Till his struggles grew weak and his cries died away.

* This poem is written in the Dorsetshire dialect.

5.

And the moon was a-shining down into the place
(Under the gloomy elm-tree),
And his mother could see that his lips and his face
Were as white as clean ashes could be;
And her tongue was a-tied, and her still heart did swell
Till her senses came back with the first tear that fell.

6.

Never more can she feel his warm face in her breast
(Under the leafy elm-tree),
For his eyes are a-shut, and his hands are at rest,
And he's now from his pain a-set free;
For his soul we do know is to heaven a-fled,
Where no pain is a-known, and no tears are a-shed.

A TRUE STORY.

[*Spell and write*]
festival, industrious, considerable, companion, travelled.

Little Gertrude was the daughter of a German peasant, who had a cottage and a few acres of land of his own. She was the eldest of five children, and ten years of age. The little cottage stood in the midst of a village, that was surrounded by fine large meadows on one side, and on the other by high hills, covered with vineyards to the very summit. Her father had but little money, but when the harvest was good, and the weather favourable, they had not only plenty for themselves, but something for the poor as well. It was a regular festival when the time for gathering the fruit arrived; they all went then to the

large meadow, and helped to gather the beautiful red apples and yellow pears, for the large plain was covered with fruit-trees of every kind. More delightful still it was, when in autumn they climbed the hills to gather in the grapes. The men had a kind of pannier slung on their backs, and when the children had filled their little baskets, they threw the beautiful white and purple bunches into them.

Little Gertrude was a bright, merry little girl, and she had been obliged to help her mother so much in nursing her brothers and sisters, that she had become a very steady child. In the morning she rose very early, and lit the fire in the stove, while her mother was milking the cow: often, when the others came in, the industrious little girl had the kitchen swept nice and clean, and on the table stood a large dish of porridge ready for breakfast. The little children would all eat out of the same dish, but there was a second one for the older people. If it was not a busy time of the year, little Gertrude was allowed to go to the village school; but she could not often be spared. Sometimes her mother had to wash, and Gertrude had to hold the baby; at other times she had to help in the field, or perhaps her father would go to the market and take her with him, so that she could not learn very much. She was very fond of going to school, perhaps more so than she would have been, had she been able to go every day, because people don't care so much about blessings they have never felt the want of. What she liked best of all she was taught at school was the singing, and it made her very happy to join in the pretty hymns and sweet songs of the village children. Often when she was coming back from the market on her father's cart, she would sing so heartily with her clear

voice, that the people looked with pleasure at her bright face, and said: 'What a happy child!'

One day she had just returned with her father, who had desired her to carry the market-baskets into an outhouse behind the yard.

A strange man was looking across the low wall, and as soon as he saw her, he called her by name. 'Gertrude,' he said, 'come here for a moment.'

Gertrude was not in the least afraid, and ran over to him at once, to ask what he wanted.

'There is one of your father's lambs caught in a hedge,' said the man; 'come down, and I will get it out for you.'

Gertrude dreamed of no harm, and ran off at once. For a considerable distance she followed the man, until at last they had reached the extreme end of the hedge; but no lamb was to be seen.

'It must have strayed away,' said the man; 'come down the lane a little, we shall find it there.'

But Gertrude had by this time become a little alarmed; and saying that she was afraid her mother would want her, she was turning back, when the man caught her up in his arms, and stuffing something into her mouth, to prevent her from screaming, he ran down the lane with her, where a small cart was standing. Into this he threw her, loosened the pony that was tied to a tree, and sitting up in front, he drove away as fast as possible.

Poor Gertrude tried several times to free her mouth to cry for help, but it was of no use. For many hours they drove along the lonely road, until the pony seemed almost too weary to move on. Then only was poor Gertrude delivered from the gag, and her companion told her that he would not harm her, if she would remain perfectly

quiet. After this, he drew out a knife that was concealed under his coat, and shewing it to the terrified girl, he said: 'But if you dare say a word to anybody about the way I took you away, I shall be obliged to kill you.'

They had stopped near a barn, into which they now went. The man brought a basket of provisions out of the cart, and pressed Gertrude to eat; but the poor girl was too miserable to do that, and soon afterwards cried herself to sleep. Her companion was a German by birth; but he had been in almost every country in the world. He had spent all his life in wandering from place to place; at present, he had a small stock of goods, that he had offered for sale in the neighbouring town, where he had several times observed little Gertrude, and heard her sing.

'Such a child,' thought he, 'would be the very thing for me; if I took her to England, her voice would be a little fortune to me.' He was glad when he saw the poor little thing asleep, for though he was a bad man, he was not without feeling.

For several days they travelled from place to place: poor Gertrude became more unhappy every day, though her companion really tried to amuse her. At last, they reached a large seaport town, where Müller —for that was the name he went by—sold his pony and cart, and took little Gertrude on board a large vessel to sail for England. She soon became so ill that she could think of nothing. In a few days they arrived in London, where Müller shewed Gertrude many curious and strange sights. One evening he called her to him, and said: 'You see, my little woman, I have now nearly spent all my money, and we must do something to earn our living. You have behaved very well, and if you do so still, I

shall soon be able to let you go home again; but first you must help me to earn some money.'

'But how could I earn money?' sobbed the poor child.

'You have a very good voice, and can sing many pretty songs; I can teach you some more. I shall play the guitar; and you must call me father.'

Poor Gertrude saw that she must submit, and promised, with trembling voice, to do her best. And so she did. Wherever these two went, everybody admired the pretty little girl with the pale face and sad eyes, and when she began to sing, the people stopped in their walk to listen to the sweet sounds, for she really had a beautiful voice.

[*Write from dictation*]

The industrious little girl, who had been so useful to her parents, travelled with her companion a considerable distance; and, having a beautiful voice, she attracted attention and admiration wherever she went.

A TRUE STORY—*concluded.*

[*Spell and write*]

disappearance, vehicle, persuaded, succeeded, occupation, cultivated, celebrated, admiration, accompany, engagements, acknowledged, gratitude, prosperity.

Meanwhile, Gertrude's father and mother were in the deepest grief for their lost child. Everybody in the village liked little Gertrude, and joined in searching for her with all their hearts, but to no purpose; and the poor parents thought at last that their little girl must have been drowned in the river. After she left them, all seemed to go wrong. A disease came among the sheep, and killed half of them. Two years afterwards, a bad

harvest made it impossible for them to pay their way. Some of their land had to be sold, and one thing went after another, until, ten years after Gertrude's disappearance, they had lost almost everything. Sadly were they sitting one evening in their little cottage, that now looked bare and cheerless. Though the autumn wind was cold, they had no fire. The mother had her youngest child on her lap; the father was leaning his head upon the window-sill, looking the picture of hopeless despair.

'God sends us more trouble than we can bear,' he said at last; 'I have borne all with patience, but now every hope has left me.'

'If it be God's will,' replied his wife gently, 'all may be well yet!' but as she said so, she glanced at the helpless little group around her, and a tear fell down upon the baby's face.

'Go well with us, indeed!' said her husband, with a laugh that almost frightened his wife. 'Nothing has gone well with us since the child was lost. To-morrow we shall have to leave the house, and God only knows what is to become of us then.'

A vehicle stopped at the door.

The poor man started from his chair. 'Here they are already!' he cried. 'Will they have the cruelty to turn us out this very night?'

A tall, graceful-looking young lady stood there in the dim twilight; around her the group of wondering people. The lady seemed much affected, and for some moments unable to speak. At last, she threw herself into her father's arms, for the lady was Gertrude, the stolen child. For a moment all was confusion. The poor mother sobbed, and the baby began to cry.

Gertrude was the first to recover herself; and when

she had persuaded them to sit down again, she told them her strange story.

For two years she had led a wandering life with her companion; his expectations had been fulfilled, and they had become possessed of a considerable sum of money in a short time. She had been supported by the hope of being allowed to return home, and succeeded in persuading him to write and tell her parents what had become of her. After some weeks, he had told her that a neighbour had replied to his letter, and informed him that Gertrude's friends had gone to America. Soon after, Müller had fallen into bad company, and begun to drink. This had been a terrible time for the poor girl, for he grew worse every day, and his passion for drink became so strong that he was hardly ever sober. One evening he engaged in a drunken brawl with a companion, and received a blow on his head, from the effects of which he soon after died.

There was nothing left now for poor Gertrude but to follow her occupation alone. She had learned to play the guitar; and when her unfortunate companion had been buried, she went on her way, though she knew not whither. One day she was playing a sad air, when an elderly gentleman stopped to listen to her sweet voice. He made some inquiries. Gertrude told her history. He proposed to have her voice cultivated, as he knew it would repay the outlay and trouble well. For two years Gertrude enjoyed every advantage money could buy, and she had now become a celebrated singer. But her heart was not satisfied by the admiration of thousands, while she was uncertain as to the fate of her parents. She resolved to go to America to seek them, and her kind benefactor offered to accompany her. For this purpose,

she had now sought her native place once more, to gather what information she could. The pastor had just told her the sorrowful story of her parents.

In a few weeks, Gertrude's friends were established in a comfortable farm in their native village. Her brothers and sisters were educated at her expense; and though Gertrude's engagements required her absence during the winter, she spent two happy summers with them, after which she gave her hand to her former school-fellow, the young pastor of her native village. Her father often acknowledged with gratitude that God's ways are not our ways, for what he had deemed his greatest misfortune, had in reality proved the means by which they had all been raised to prosperity.

[*Write from dictation*]

For some time after her disappearance she was unfortunate; but her voice having been cultivated, she succeeded in obtaining occupation, secured numerous engagements, became a celebrated singer, and the admiration of thousands. She acknowledged with gratitude that her prosperity was due to a gentleman, who had been her benefactor.

A FABLE.

A monkey was boasting one day of his powers of imitation: 'I can roar like a lion and bray like an ass,' said he; 'in short, there is not an animal in the forest that I cannot imitate!'

'That may be true enough, friend,' said a knowing fox, who heard his boast; 'but pray, do you know any animal that imitates you?'

[*Write the above from dictation.*]

NAPOLEON AND THE SAILOR.

A True Story.

1.

Napoleon's banners at Boulogne
  Armed in our island every freeman,
His navy chanced to capture one
  Poor British seaman.

2.

They suffered him—I know not how—
  Unprisoned on the shore to roam;
And aye was bent his longing brow
  On England's home.

3.

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
  Of birds to Britain half-way over,
With envy; *they* could reach the white
  Dear cliffs of Dover.

4.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
  Than this sojourn would have been dearer,
If but the storm his vessel brought
  To England nearer.

5.

At last, when care had banished sleep,
  He saw one morning—dreaming—doting,
An empty hogshead from the deep
  Come shoreward floating;

6.

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
The livelong day laborious; lurking
Until he launched a tiny boat
By mighty working.

7.

Heaven help us! 'twas a thing beyond
Description wretched: such a wherry
Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond,
Or crossed a ferry.

8.

For ploughing in the salt sea-field,
It would have made the boldest shudder;
Untarred, uncompassed, and unkeeled,
No sail—no rudder.

9.

From neighbouring woods he interlaced
His sorry skiff with wattled willows;
And thus equipped he would have passed
The foaming billows—

10.

But Frenchmen caught him on the beach,
His little Argo sorely jeering;
Till tidings of him chanced to reach
Napoleon's hearing.

11.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
Serene alike in peace and danger;
And in his wonted attitude,
Addressed the stranger:

12.

'Rash man, that wouldst yon channel pass
On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned;
Thy heart with some sweet British lass
Must be impassioned.'

13.

'I have no sweetheart,' said the lad;
'But—absent long from one another—
Great was the longing that I had
To see my mother.'

14.

'And so thou shalt,' Napoleon said,
'Ye've both my favour fairly won;
A noble mother must have bred
So brave a son!'

15.

He gave the tar a piece of gold,
And with a flag of truce commanded
He should be shipped to England Old,
And safely landed.

16.

Our sailor oft could scantly shift
To find a dinner plain and hearty;
But never changed the coin and gift
Of Bonaparte.

THE FOX WITHOUT A TAIL.

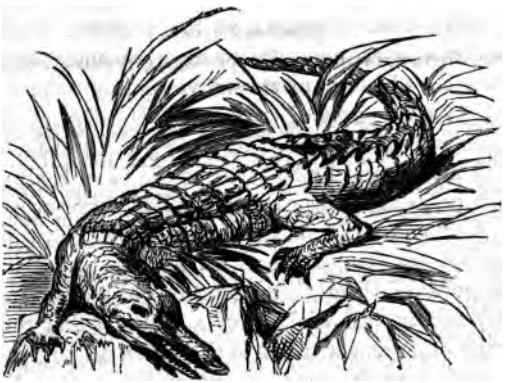
[*Spell and write*]

sensible, disgrace, inconvenient, appendage, experience, recovering, unnecessary.

A fox being caught in a trap, was glad to compound for his neck by leaving his tail behind him; but, upon coming abroad into the world, he began to be so sensible of the disgrace such a defect would bring upon him, that he almost wished he had died rather than come away without it. However, resolving to make the best of a bad matter, he called a meeting of the rest of the foxes, and proposed that all should follow his example. 'You have no notion,' said he, 'of the ease and comfort with which I now move about: I could never have believed it if I had not tried it myself; but really, when one comes to reason upon it, a tail is such an ugly, inconvenient, unnecessary appendage, that the only wonder is that, as foxes, we could have put up with it so long. I propose, therefore, my worthy brethren, that you all profit by the experience that I am most willing to afford you, and that all foxes from this day forward cut off their tails.' Upon this one of the oldest stepped forward, and said: 'I rather think, my friend, that you would not have advised us to part with our tails, if there were any chance of recovering your own.'

[*Write from dictation*]

The cunning old fox, sensible of his disgrace, and knowing that it was impossible to recover his tail, maintained that he found from experience that such an appendage was inconvenient, ugly, and unnecessary.



A CROCODILE HUNT.

[*Spell and write*]

detected, expectation, exclusively, claimants, eagerly, apparently, enterprise, levelled, superior, countenance, supercilious, nonchalance.

The first time a man fires at a crocodile is an epoch in his life. We had only now arrived in the waters where they abound, for it is a curious fact that none are ever seen below Minieh, though Herodotus speaks of them as fighting with the dolphins at the mouth of the Nile. A prize had been offered to the man who first detected a crocodile, and the crew had now been two days on the alert in search of them. Buoyed up with the expectation of such game, we had latterly reserved our fire for them exclusively; and the wild duck and turtle, nay, even the

vulture and eagle, had swept past, or soared above us in security.

At length the cry of 'Timseach! Timseach!' was heard from half-a-dozen claimants of the proffered prize, and half-a-dozen black fingers were eagerly pointed to a spit of sand on which were strewn apparently some logs of trees. It was a covey of crocodiles. Hastily but silently the boat was run in-shore. R. was ill, so I had the enterprise to myself, and I clambered up the steep bank with a quicker pulse than when I first levelled a rifle at a Highland deer. My intended victims might have prided themselves on their superior nonchalance; and, indeed, as I approached them, there seemed to be a sneer on their ghastly mouths and winking eyes. Slowly they rose one after the other and waddled to the water, all but one, the most gallant or the most gorged of the party. He lay still until I was within a hundred yards of him; then slowly rising on his finlike legs, he lumbered towards the river, looking askance at me with an expression of countenance that seemed to say: 'He can do me no harm; however, I may as well have a swim.' I took aim at the throat of the supercilious brute, and as soon as my hand steadied, the very pulsation of my finger pulled the trigger. Bang! went the gun, whiz flew the bullet, and my excited ear could catch the *thud* with which it plunged into the scaly leather of his neck. His waddle became a plunge, the waves closed over him, and the sun shone on the calm water as I reached the brink of the shore that was still indented by the waving of his gigantic tail. But there is blood upon the water, and he rises for a moment to the surface. 'A hundred piastres for the Timseach!' I exclaimed, and half-a-dozen Arabs plunged into the stream. There! he rises again, and the blacks

dash at him as if he hadn't a tooth in his head. Now he is gone, and the waters close over him, and I never saw him again.

[*Write from dictation.*]

We eagerly looked out for crocodiles, in the hourly expectation of finding them, and reserved our fire for them exclusively. At last I found them, and having the enterprise to myself, I levelled my gun and shot the supercilious brute.

THE COUNCIL OF HORSES.

Upon a time a neighing steed,
Who grazed among a numerous breed,
With mutiny had fired the train,
And spread dissension through the plain.
On matters that concerned the state,
The council met in grand debate.
A colt, whose eyeballs flamed with ire,
Elate with strength and youthful fire,
In haste stepped forth before the rest,
And thus the listening throng addressed:
'Goodness, how abject is our race,
Condemned to slavery and disgrace!
Shall we our servitude retain,
Because our sires have borne the chain?
Consider, friends! your strength and might;
'Tis conquest to assert your right.
How cumbrous is the gilded coach!
The pride of man is our reproach.
Were we designed for daily toil,
To drag the ploughshare through the soil,
To sweat in harness through the road,
To groan beneath the carrier's load?

How feeble are the two-legged kind!
What force is in our nerves combined!
Shall then our nobler jaws submit
To foam and champ the galling bit?
Shall haughty man my back bestride?
Shall the sharp spur provoke my side?
Forbid it, heavens! reject the rein;
Your shame, your infamy, disdain.
Let him the lion first control,
And still the tiger's famished growl.
Let us, like them, our freedom claim,
And make him tremble at our name.'
A general nod approved the cause,
And all the circle neighed applause.
When, lo! with grave and solemn pace,
A steed advanced before the race,
With age and long experience wise;
Around he cast his thoughtful eyes,
And, to the murmurs of the train,
Thus spoke the Nestor of the plain:
'When I had health and strength like you
The toils of servitude I knew;
Now grateful man rewards my pains,
And gives me all these wide domains.
At will I crop the year's increase;
My latter life is rest and peace.
I grant, to man we lend our pains,
And aid him to correct the plains;
But doth not he divide the care,
Through all the labours of the year?
How many thousand structures rise,
To fence us from inclement skies!

For us he bears the sultry day,
And stores up all our winter's hay.
He sows, he reaps the harvest's gain;
We share the toil and share the grain.
Since every creature was decreed
To aid each other's mutual need,
Appease your discontented mind,
And act the part by Heaven assigned.'
The tumult ceased, the colt submitted,
And, like his ancestors, was bitted.

SISTER JANE'S LESSONS.

[*Spell and write*]
accompanied, attained, perceived, sacrifice, answered, occupied.

A little boy accompanied his elder sister while she busied herself with the labours of the farm, asking questions at every step, and learning the lessons of life without being aware of it.

'Why, dear Jane,' he said, 'do you scatter good grain on the ground; would it not be better to make good bread of it than to throw it to the greedy chickens?'

'In time,' replied Jane, 'the chickens will grow big, and each of them will fetch money at the market. One must think on the end to be attained without counting trouble, and learn to wait.'

The little boy then plunged his hand into Jane's bag, and helped her to scatter the grain. Perceiving a colt, which looked eagerly at him, he cried out: 'Jane, why is the colt not in the fields with the labourers, helping to draw the carts?'

'The colt is young,' replied Jane, 'and he must lie idle till he gets the necessary strength; *one must not sacrifice the future to the present.*'

The little boy did not press the subject further; but his eye just then fell on Frank, who was carrying into the stackyard sheaves of wheat.

'Jane, what is the use of bringing the wheat in now? Is the weather not beautiful, and could it not be left in the fields?'

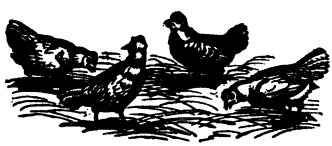
'Rain might come,' answered Jane, 'and wise men never throw on the morrow the work of to-day.'

The little boy went to lend a hand.

Childish lessons these! one may say. Perhaps so, but who does not need them as much as this little boy? Whatsoever you be, merchants, artists, operatives, statesmen, reflect on the counsels which Jane gave, and tell me if you *have never forgotten the end, and failed in patience;* if you have not *occupied yourself with the future rather than the present; and if a storm has not sometimes taken you unawares!*

[*Write from dictation*]

A little boy accompanied his elder sister in the labours of the farm, and perceived much that he did not understand; but by putting questions and obtaining answers, he learned much that it was useful to know; and among other things, that we must neither sacrifice the present to the future, nor the future to the present.



THE FAKENHAM GHOST.

A Ballad.

1.
The lawns were dry in Euston Park—
Here truth inspires my tale—
The lonely footpath, still and dark,
Led over hill and dale.

2.
Benighted was an ancient dame,
And fearful haste she made
To gain the vale of Fakenham,
And hail its willow shade.

3.
Her footsteps knew no idle stops
But followed faster still;
And echoed to the darksome copse
That whispered on the hill.

4.
Where clamorous rooks, yet scarcely hushed,
Bespoke a peopled shade;
And many a wing the foliage brushed
And hovering circuits made.

5.
The dappled herd of grazing deer
That sought the shades by day,
Now started from her path with fear
And gave the stranger way.

6.

Darker it grew; and darker fears
Came o'er her troubled mind;
When now a short quick step she hears
Come patting close behind.

7.

She turned, it stopped! nought could she see
Upon the gloomy plain!
But as she strove the sprite to flee,
She heard the same again.

8.

Now terror seized her quaking frame;
For where the path was bare,
The trotting ghost kept on the same—
She muttered many a prayer.

9.

Yet once again amidst her fright
She tried what sight could do;
When, through the cheating glooms of night,
A monster stood in view.

10.

Regardless of whate'er she felt,
It followed down the plain;
She owned her sins, and down she knelt,
And said her prayers again.

11.

Then on she sped, and hope grew strong,
The white park-gate in view;
Which, pushing hard, so long it swung,
That ghost and all passed through.

12.

Loud fell the gate against the post,
Her heart-strings like to crack;
For much she feared the grisly ghost
Would leap upon her back.

13.

Still on, pat, pat, the goblin went,
As it had done before;
Her strength and resolution spent,
She fainted at the door.

14.

Out came her husband, much surprised,
Out came her daughter dear;
Good-natured souls, all unadvised
Of what they had to fear.

15.

The candle's gleam pierced through the night
Some short space o'er the green,
And there the little trotting sprite
Distinctly might be seen.

16.

An ass's foal had lost its dam
Within the spacious park;
And simple as the playful lamb,
Had followed in the dark.

17.

No goblin he, no imp of sin—
No crimes had ever known;
They took the shaggy stranger in,
And reared him as their own.

18.

His little hoofs would rattle round
  Upon the cottage floor,
The matron learned to love the sound
  That frightened her before.

19.

A favourite the ghost became,
  And 'twas his fate to thrive;
And long he lived and spread his fame,
  And kept the joke alive.

20.

For many a laugh went through the vale,
  And some conviction too;
Each thought some other goblin tale
  Perhaps was just as true.

A STORM AT SEA: THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

[Spell and write]

hurricane, destitute, passenger, companion, heightening, guarantee, appearance, unmanageable.

'We left Peterhead,' he said, 'with about half a cargo of coal, for we had lightened ship a day or two before, and the gale freshened as the night came on. We made all tight, however; and though the snow-drift was so blinding in the thick of the shower that I could scarce see my hand before me, and though it soon began to blow great guns, we had given the land a good offing, and the hurricane blew the right way. Just as we were loosening from the quay, a poor young woman, much

knocked up, with a child in her arms, had come to the vessel's side, and begged hard of the master to take her aboard. She was a soldier's wife, and was travelling to join her husband at Fort George; but she was already worn out and penniless, she said; and now, as a snow-storm threatened to block up the roads, she could neither stay where she was, nor pursue her journey. Her infant, too, she was sure, if she tried to force her way through the hills, would perish in the snow. The master, though unwilling to cumber us with a passenger in such weather, was induced, out of pity for the poor destitute creature, to take her aboard. And she was now with her child, all alone, below in the cabin.

'I was stationed ahead on the outlook beside the foresail-horse. The night had grown pitch-dark, and the lamp in the binnacle threw just light enough through the gray of the shower to shew me the master at the helm. He looked more anxious, I thought, than almost I had ever seen him before, though I have been with him in bad weather; and all at once, I saw he had got company, and strange company, too, for such a night—there was a woman moving round him, with a child in her arms. I could see her as distinctly as ever I saw anything—now on the one side, now on the other—at one time full in the light, at another half lost in the darkness. That, I said to myself, must be the soldier's wife and her child; but how, in the name of wonder, can the master allow a woman to come on deck in such a night as this, when we ourselves have just enough ado to keep footing? He takes no notice of her either, but keeps looking on, quite in his wont, at the binnacle.

"Master," I said, stepping up to him, "the woman had surely better go below."

"What woman, Jack?" said he. "Our passenger, you may be sure, is nowhere else."

'I looked round, and found he was quite alone, and that the companion-head was hasped down. There came a cold sweat all over me.

"Jack," said the master, "the night is getting worse, and the roll of the waves heightening every moment. I'm convinced, too, our cargo is shifting. As the last sea struck us, I could hear the coals rattle below; and see how stiffly we heel to the larboard. Say nothing, however, to the men, but have all your wits about you; and look, meanwhile, to the boat-tackle and the oars. I have seen a boat live in as bad a night as this."

'As he spoke, a blue light from above glimmered on the deck. We looked up, and saw a dead-fire sticking to the cross-trees.

"It's all over with us now, master," said I.

"Nay, man," replied the master, in his easy, humorous way, which I always liked well enough, except in bad weather, and then I see his humour is served out like his extra grog, to keep up hearts that have cause to get low. "Nay, man," he said, "we can't afford to let your grandmother board us to-night. If you will insure me against the shifting coal, I'll be your guarantee against the dead-light. Why, it's as much a natural appearance, man, as a flash of lightning. Away to your berth, and keep up a good heart; we can't be far off now; when once past the Skerries, the swell will take off; and then, in two short hours, we may be snug within the Sutors."

'I had scarcely reached my berth ahead when a heavy sea struck us on the starboard-quarter, almost throwing us on our beam-ends. I could hear the rushing of the coals below, as they settled on the larboard side; and

though the master set us full before the wind, and gave instant orders to lighten every stitch of sail—and it was but little sail we had at the time to lighten—still the vessel did not rise, but lay unmanageable as a log, with her gunwale in the water. On we drifted, however, along the south coast, with little expectation, save that every sea would send us to the bottom, until, in the first gray of the morning, we found ourselves among the breakers of the terrible bar of Findhorn; and shortly after, the poor *Friendship* took the ground right on the edge of the quicksands, for she would neither stay nor wear; and as she beat hard against the bottom, the surf came rolling over mast-high.

'Just as we struck,' continued Jack, 'the master made a desperate effort to get into the cabin. The vessel couldn't miss, we saw, to break up and fill; and though there was little hope of any of us ever setting foot ashore, he wished to give the poor woman below a chance with the rest. All of us but himself had got up into the shrouds, and so we could see round us a bit; and he had just laid his hand on the companion-hasp to undo the door, when I saw a tremendous sea coming rolling towards us like a moving wall, and shouted on him to hold fast. He sprang to the weather-backstay, and laid hold. The sea came tumbling on; and, breaking full twenty feet over his head, buried him for a minute's space in the foam. We thought we should never see him more; but when it cleared away, there was he still, with his iron grip on the stay, though the fearful wave had water-logged the *Friendship* from bow to stern, and swept her companion-head as cleanly off by the deck as if it had been cut with a saw. No human aid could avail the poor woman and her baby. Master could hear the terrible

choking noise of her dying agony right under his feet, with but a two-inch plank between; and the sounds have haunted him ever since. But even had he succeeded in getting her on deck, she could not possibly have survived. For five long hours, we clung to the rigging, with the seas riding over us all the time like wild horses; and though we could see through the snow-drift and the spray, crowds on the shore, and boats lying thick beside the pier, none dared to venture out to assist us till near the close of day, when the wind fell with the falling tide, and we were brought ashore more dead than alive by a volunteer crew from the harbour. The unlucky *Friendship* began to break up under us ere mid-day, and we saw the corpse of the drowned woman, with the dead infant still in its arms, come floating out through a hole in the side. But the surf soon tore mother and child asunder, and we lost sight of them as they drifted away to the west. Master would have crossed the firth himself to relieve your mind; but being less worn out than any of us, he thought it best to remain in charge of the wreck.'

[*Write from dictation*]

The destitute woman, who had been our companion as sole cabin-passenger from Peterhead, was alarmed at the heightening hurricane, and met at last with a sad fate. The boat itself was lost, and lay in the water an unmanageable wreck.

Oh that mine eyes might closéd be
To what concerns me not to see;
That deafness might possess mine ear
To what concerns me not to hear;

That truth my tongue might ever tie
From ever speaking foolishly;
That no vain thought might ever rest,
Or be conceivéd in my breast.

THE ASS AND HIS MASTER.

Tomkins. What a fine morning! I'll off to neighbour Hodge's farm, and see if he is up with the sun. . . . . Fine day, neighbour Hodge!

Hodge. Yes, Master Tomkins; and I am turning it to account, as you see, by cleaning out my yard.

Tomkins. I am come to ask a favour of you, neighbour.

Hodge. Speak, Master Tomkins; if it is in my power, you shall have what you want at once.

Tomkins. Will you lend me your donkey?

Hodge. Ah, I am so sorry, Master Tomkins; but I lent my donkey, early this morning, to my cousin Charles.

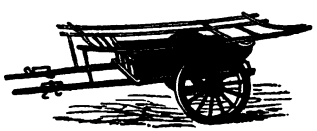
[*At this moment the donkey, who is all the while in the stable, begins to bray.*]

Tomkins. Ha! ha! neighbour Hodge, you hear! Your donkey says you have told a falsehood.

Hodge. What, neighbour! will you believe my donkey rather than me?

Tomkins. I should rather think so, neighbour.

[*The above forms in itself an excellent dictation lesson.*]



ANTONY CANOVA THE SCULPTOR.

[*Spell and write*]

territory, senator, beautifully, unexpected, numerous, congratulate, marvellous, introduced, banqueting, executed, acquaintance, exhibited, statuary, imagination, permanent, posterity, solicited, ceremony, occurred.

It was in the little village of Possagno, in the Venetian territory, that Canova first saw the light of day. Falieri the senator was lord of this village. One day he gave a great dinner, and there was served up to his guests the image of a lion beautifully formed in butter. This unexpected dish gave as much surprise to the senator as to his numerous guests. He ordered his cook to come up stairs, that he might congratulate him in presence of the party, so much pleased was he with the marvellous work of art. The cook was introduced into the banqueting-hall, and was so overwhelmed with congratulations, that the tears came into his eyes.

'You weep for joy?' said his master to him.

'No, my lord,' he replied; 'it is through despair at not having executed the work of art which is the object of so much admiration.'

'I should like to make the artist's acquaintance,' said the senator.

The cook withdrew, assuring his master that his wish would be gratified; and in a few minutes returned, leading in the artist. He was a little peasant-boy, about ten years old, meanly clad, for his parents were poor. Poor as they were, however, these worthy people had exposed themselves to great straits, rather than deny to their son lessons in the art of sculpture which a professor had undertaken to give for a very moderate fee.

Antony Canova had early exhibited a strong faculty for statuary. He modelled clay when he could get it, and, with the help of his knife, carved little figures out of all the chips of wood he could lay his hands on. His parents were acquainted with the cook of Senator Falieri. On the morning of the great dinner, he came to impart the difficulty he had in giving a graceful finish to the table. He had exhausted all the resources of his skill and imagination; but he still wanted one of those effective dishes, capable of producing a great sensation, which rear on a solid basis the reputation of the cook of a great house. The little Canova thought for a minute, and then said: 'Do not trouble yourself; I shall soon come to you. Leave it to me, and I shall answer for it that your table will be complete.' The boy went as he had promised to the senator's house, shewed the cook the design of the figure which he meant to execute, answered for the success of the attempt, and cut the block of butter with that purity of imagination and perfect taste which he afterwards displayed in cutting blocks of marble. Surprised as the guests had been by the work, they were much more so when they beheld the workman. He was loaded with attentions, and from this time forth, Falieri was the patron of the young Canova.

The happy issue of the first attempt of the little peasant-boy, suddenly made his name famous, and opened up for him the road to permanent success. Falieri placed him as a pupil, in the studio of old Torretti, the best sculptor of the time. Two years after—that is to say, when Canova was only twelve years of age—he sent to his patron a gift of two marble fruit-baskets of his own workmanship, which still adorn the Falieri palace at Venice.

You will learn elsewhere the claims of this great artist to the admiration of posterity. All the academies of Europe solicited the honour of enrolling him among their members. All the kings vied with each other in enriching their national museums with the beautiful products of his genius. He was elected Prince-perpetual of the Academy of St Luke at Rome—a title conferred on no other artist since his death. The funeral-ceremony with which his remains were honoured, was the grandest which had ever occurred in connection with the fine arts since the death of Raphael.

[*Write from dictation*]

The numerous guests congratulated the cook on the beautiful and unexpected work of art which had been introduced into the banqueting-room. The marvellous peasant-sculptor thus early exhibited his genius for statuary, and his imagination yielded fruits which were a permanent glory to his country, and will be the admiration of posterity.

THE ASS, THE FOX, AND THE LION.

[*Spell and write*]

alliance, impending, betray, contrived, secured, property, converted, continually, curiosity, extravagant, possession.

An ass and a fox having made an alliance, went out into the fields to hunt. They met a lion on the way. The fox, seeing the impending danger, made up to the lion, and whispered that he would betray the ass into his power, if he would promise to bear him harmless. The lion having agreed to do so, the fox contrived to lead the ass into a snare. The lion no sooner saw the ass secured,

than he fell at once upon the fox, reserving the other for his next meal.

THE ASS IN THE LION'S SKIN.

An ass having put on a lion's skin, roamed about, frightening all the silly animals he met with, and seeing a fox, he tried to alarm him also. But Reynard, having heard his voice, said: 'Well, to be sure! and I should have been frightened too if I had not heard you bray.'

[Write the above fables from dictation.]

HARVEST-HYMN.

1.

Now Autumn strews on every plain
His mellow fruits and fertile grain;
And laughing Plenty, crowned with sheaves,
With purple grapes, and spreading leaves,
In rich profusion pours around
Her flowing treasures on the ground.

Oh ! mark the great, the liberal hand,
That scatters blessings o'er the land ;
And to the God of Nature raise
The grateful song, the hymn of praise.

2.

The infant corn in vernal hours,
He nurtured with His gentle showers,
And bade the summer clouds diffuse
Their balmy store of genial dews.
He marked the tender stem arise,
Till ripened by the glowing skies,
And now, matured, His work behold,
The cheering harvest waves in gold.
To Nature's God with joy we raise
The grateful song, the hymn of praise.

3.

The valleys echo to the strains
Of blooming maids and village swains—
To Him they tune the lay sincere,
Whose bounty crowns the smiling year.
The sounds from every woodland borne,
The sighing winds that bend the corn,
The yellow fields around proclaim
His mighty, everlasting name.
To Nature's God united raise
The grateful song, the hymn of praise.

A FROST-BITTEN NOSE.

[*Spell and write*]

enveloped, sallied, admirably, impression, opportunity, acclimatised, uneasiness, communicated, monosyllable, especially, desperate, determined, inability, unconcerned, enormous, generally, volubility, unnecessary.

One day I took it into my head to go my rounds on foot. I armed myself from head to foot against the inroads of the cold; I enveloped myself in a large Astracan frock-coat, I buried my ears in a fur cap, I wound round my neck a Cashmere scarf, and sallied into the street, the only part of me that was exposed to the air being the tip of my nose.

At first, everything went on admirably; I was even surprised at the little impression the cold made upon me, and I laughed to myself at the many tales I had heard on the subject. I was, moreover, delighted that chance had given me this opportunity of becoming acclimatised. However, as the first two pupils on whom I called were not at home, I began to think that chance managed matters too well, when I fancied I saw the people I met looking at me with a certain uneasiness, but still without speaking. Presently, a gentleman more communicative, it would seem, than the rest, said to me in passing: 'Nofs!' As I did not know one word of Russ, I thought it was not worth while to stop for the sake of a monosyllable, and I walked on. At the corner of Pear Street I met a countryman, who was passing at full speed, driving his sledge; but, rapid as was his course, he, too, thought himself bound to speak to me, and called out: 'Nofs! nofs!' At length, on reaching Admiralty Square, I found myself face to face with a

strong fellow, who said nothing at all, but who, picking up a handful of snow, threw himself upon me; and before I could free myself from all my wrappers, began to besmear my face, and to rub it, and more especially my nose, with all his might. I did not much relish the joke, especially considering the weather, and drawing one of my arms out of one of my pockets, I dealt him a blow with my fist that sent him rolling ten yards off. Unfortunately or fortunately for me, two peasants just then passed, who, after looking at me for a moment, seized hold of me, and in spite of my resistance, held me fast by the arms; while the desperate fellow who first attacked me took up another handful of snow, and, as if determined not to be beaten, threw himself once more upon me. This time, taking advantage of my utter inability to defend myself, he again began his frictions; but though my arms were tied, my tongue was free. Thinking myself the victim of some mistake, or of some concerted attack, I shouted most lustily for help. An officer came up running, and asked me in French what was the matter.

'What, sir!' I exclaimed, making a last effort, and getting rid of my three men, who, with the most unconcerned air in the world, went on their way, 'do you not see what those rascals were doing to me?'

'Well, what were they doing to you?'

'Why, they were rubbing my face with snow. Would you think that a good joke, I wonder, in such weather as this?'

'But, my good friend, they were rendering you an enormous service,' replied my interlocutor, looking at me, as we French say, in the very white of the eyes.

'How so?'

'Why, of course, your nose was being frozen.'

'Good heavens!' I exclaimed, feeling with my hand the threatened feature.

'Sir,' said a passer-by, addressing my friend the officer, 'I warn you that your nose is freezing.'

'Thank you, sir,' said the officer, and, stooping down, he gathered up a handful of snow, and performed for himself the same service which had been rendered to me by the poor fellow whom I had rewarded so badly.

'You mean to say, sir, that if it had not been for that man who first attacked me, that'——

'You would have lost your nose,' rejoined the officer, while rubbing his own.

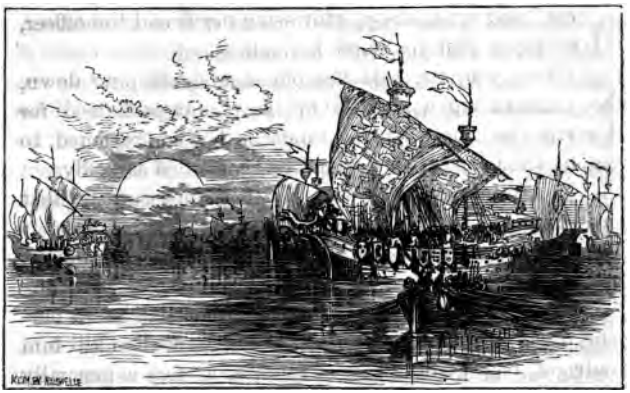
'In that case, sir, allow me'—— And off I ran in pursuit of my friend, who, thinking that I wanted to kill him outright, began running also, so that, as fear is generally more nimble than gratitude, I should probably never have overtaken him, had not some people, seeing him running away and me in pursuit, taken him for a thief, and seized him. When I came up, I found him talking with great volubility, trying to shew that he was only guilty of too much kindness. Ten florins which I gave him explained matters. He kissed my hand, and one of the bystanders who spoke French, recommended me to take more care of my nose in future.

The recommendation was unnecessary; during the rest of my walk I never lost sight of it.

A. DUMAS.

[*Write from dictation*]

He walked away unconcerned, and afterwards, with great volubility, tried to shew that he had done me an enormous service, while I took the opportunity to express my gratitude for the favour he had done me. For, enveloped though I was in clothing, I had not protected my face, especially my nose, and had made a desperate and determined resistance when I ought to have yielded willingly.



OLD WORLD STORIES.

THE LOTUS-EATERS.

Among the chief of the Achæans who fought before the walls of Ilion, there was none who gained for himself a greater glory than Odysseus, the son of Laertes. Brave he was in battle, and steadfast in danger; but, most of all, did the Achæans seek his aid and counsel when great things had to be weighed and fixed. And so it was, that in every peril where there was need of the wise heart and the ready tongue, all hastened to Odysseus, and men felt that he did more to throw down the kingdom of Priam than the mightiest chieftains who fought only with sword and spear.

Yet, in the midst of all his toil and all his great exploits in the land of Ilion, the heart of Odysseus was

far away in rocky Ithaca, where his wife Penelope dwelt with his young son Telemachus. Many a time, as the weary years of the war rolled on, he said within himself: 'Ah, when will the strife be ended, and when shall we spread our sails to the breeze, and speed on our way homewards over the dark-blue sea?' At last, the doom of Paris was accomplished, and the hosts of Agamemnon gave the city of Ilion to fire and sword. When Odysseus hastened to gather his men together, that they might go to their home in Ithaca, they dragged the ships down to the sea from the trenches, where they had so long lain idle; but before they sat down to row the ships out to the deep water, Odysseus spake to them, and said: 'O friends, think now, each one of you, of his home, of his wife, and of his children. Ten times have summer and winter passed over us since we left them with cheerful hearts, thinking that in but a little time we should come back to them laden with glory and booty. Ten years have they mourned for us at home; and we, who set out for Ilion in the vigour of manhood, go back now with gray hairs, or bowed down with our weary labours. Yet faint not, O friends, neither be dismayed. Think how they wait and long for you still at home, and as we go from land to land in our voyage to rocky Ithaca, let not weariness weigh down your hearts, or things fair and beautiful lead you to seek for rest till our ships are moored in the haven which we left ten years ago.'

With shouts of joy they sat down to their long oars, and when they had rowed the ships out into the open sea, they spread the white sails to the breeze, and watched the Ilion land as it faded away from their sight in the far distance. For many a day they went towards the

land of the setting sun, until a mighty wind from the north drove them to a strange country, far out of their course to Ithaca. Fair it was and peaceful beyond all lands which they had seen. The sun looked down out of the cloudless heaven on fruits and flowers which covered the laughing earth. Far away beyond the lotus plains, the blue hills glimmered in a dreamy haze. The trees bowed their heads in a peaceful slumber, and the lagging waves sank lazily to sleep upon the sea-shore. The summer breeze breathed its gentle whisper through the air, and the birds sang listlessly of their loves from the waving groves. Then said the men of Odysseus to one another: 'Would that our wives and our children were here! Truly, Ithaca is but a rough and barren land, and a sore grief it is to leave this happy shore to go home, and there find, it may be, that our children remember us no more.' And Odysseus said within himself: 'Surely some strange spell is in this fair land—almost might I long to sit down and sleep on the shore for ever; but Penelope waits for me in my home, and I cannot rest till I see her face once more.' Then he bade three of his men go forth and ask the name of the land and of the men who lived in it. So they went slowly from the beach, where the waves sang their lulling song to the sleepy flowers, and they wandered along the winding stream which came from the glimmering hills far away, till deep down in a glen where the sun shed but half its light, they saw men with fair maidens reclining on the soft grass, under the shade of the pleasant palm-trees. Before them was spread a banquet of rich and rosy fruit, and some were eating, and others lay asleep. Then the men of Odysseus went up to them, and sat down by their side; for they feared them not, as men

are wont to fear the people of a strange land. They asked not their name, for they remembered not the bidding of Odysseus; but they drank the dark wine and ate of the rosy fruit which the fair maidens held out to them. 'Eat,' they said, 'O strangers, of the fruit which kills all pain; surely ye are weary, and your hearts are faint with sorrow, and your eyes are dim as with many tears. Eat of our fruit, and forget your labours; for all who eat of it remember weary toil, and strife, and war no more.' So they ate of the fruit, and then over their senses stole softly a strange and wondrous sleep, so that they saw, and heard, and spake even while they slumbered. On their ears fell the echo of a dreamy music, and forms of maidens, fair as Aphrodite when she rose from the sea foam, passed before their eyes; and they said one to another: 'Here let us sit, and feast, and dream for ever.'

Long time Odysseus waited on the sea-shore, and less and less he marvelled that they came not back, for he felt that over his own heart the strange spell was falling; and he said: 'Ah, Penelope, dearer to me than aught else on the wide earth, the gods envy me thy love, else would they not seek to beguile me thus in this strange land of dreams and slumber.' So he rose up, as one rises to go forth to battle, and he went quickly on the path by which his men had gone before him. Presently, he saw them in the deep dell, and the rich fruit of the lotus was in their hand. They then called to Odysseus, and said: 'We have come to the land of the lotus-eaters; sit thou down with us, and eat of their fruit, and forget all thy cares for ever!' But Odysseus answered not, and hastening back, he bade the others come with him, and bind the three men, and carry them to the ship. 'Heed

not the people of the land,' he said, 'nor touch their rosy fruit. It were a shame for men who have fought at Ilion to slumber here, like swine fattening for their slaughter.'

So they hastened and bound the three men who sat at the banquet of the lotus-eaters; and they heeded not their words as they besought them to taste of their fruit, and forget all their misery and trouble. And Odysseus hurried them back to the shore, and made them drag down the ships into the sea, and sit down to their long oars. 'Hasten, O friends, hasten,' he said, 'from this land of dreams! Hither come the lotus-eaters, and their soft voices will beguile our hearts if we tarry longer, and they will tempt us to taste of their fruit; and then we shall seek no more to go back again to the land of toiling men.'

Then the dash of their oars broke the calm of the still air, and roused the waters from their gentle slumber as they toiled on their weary way. Further and further they went, but still the echo, as of faint and lulling music, fell upon their ear, and they saw fair forms of maidens roaming listlessly on the shore. And when they had rowed the ship further out into the sea, still the drooping palm-trees seemed to beckon them back to slumber, as they bowed their heads over the flowers which slept in the shade beneath them; and a deeper peace rested on the lotus land as the veil of evening fell gently on the plain, and the dying sun kissed the far-off hills.*

From Cox's Mythology.

* The words in this lesson are so simple, that spelling and dictation lessons are omitted.

THE TWO SACKS.

1.

From our necks when life's journey begins,
Two sacks, Jove, the father suspends;
The one holds our own proper sins,
The other the sins of our friends.

2.

The first man immediately throws
Out of sight, out of mind, at his back;
The last is so under his nose,
He sees every grain in the sack.

ÆSOP.

MY NATIVE LAND.

People's Song.

1.

She is a rich and rare land,
Oh, she 's a fresh and fair land,
She is a dear and rare land—
This native land of mine.

2.

No men than hers are braver,
Her women's hearts ne'er waver,
I 'd freely die to save her,
And think my lot divine.

3.

She 's not a dull or cold land—
No, she 's a warm and bold land;
Oh, she 's a true and old land,
This native land of mine.

4.

Oh, she's a fresh and fair land,
Oh, she 's a true and rare land—
Yes, she 's a rare and fair land,
This native land of mine.

THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

CHAPTER I.—THE NIGHT-SCHOOL.

[Spell and write]

energetic, character, geography, violently, incredulously, intelligent, examination, semicircle, interfere, neighbourhood, passionately, subscription, apparently, accompanied, perplexity, suggested.

Mr Morton, teacher of the Lea Hill Branch Night School, was walking up and down between the classes in no very pleasant temper. It was the 1st of November, a cold foggy evening, and every time he approached either of the fires that blazed at the ends of the room, he stirred it impatiently, till the flames shot up and cast a red glow on the rafters and whitewashed walls, and made the diamond window-panes sparkle again. The teacher's eyes were often turned to the clock against the wall, whose fingers pointed at eight minutes to nine: at length he stopped before a long desk, round which some twenty boys were writing.

'Harry Archer's paper finished?' he asked the monitor.

'No, sir, not half written; he was turned in his spelling, and did not begin till twenty minutes to nine.'

Mr Morton had not long come to Lea Hill, and being a clever, energetic master, was doing his best to keep the

boys to their work, and to support the character of the school. The paper was a geography exercise, for the classes met every night, and besides reading, writing, and sums, there were occasional simple lessons in geography and history.

'I never missed before, sir,' said Harry; 'don't take my mark, please sir, I'll do double by next lesson, I will!'

'You never *have* missed before, I know,' said Mr Morton; 'do you promise, then, to bring the extra quantity by Tuesday?'

'Yes, sir,' said Harry eagerly, but at the same moment he started violently, from the effects of a kick he received under the table.

'No, sir, I mean'—— he stammered, colouring.

'Yes, sir—no, sir—what *do* you mean?' said the teacher. There was a silence: some of the boys tittered, others fidgeted, and looked for another to speak.

'Tuesday, sir,' faltered Harry.

'Well,' said the master, 'what *is* Tuesday?'

The answer burst from a dozen lips at once.

'Holiday, sir!'

'Guy Fawkes, sir!'

'Fifth of November, sir!'

'Bonfire-day, sir!'

'School shuts up, sir?'

'Stop a little—the school shuts up?' said the master incredulously.

'Father promised us a bonfire in our yard,' said Harry; 'we are to have fireworks.'

'There will be no holiday unless I give leave,' said Mr Morton.

The boys looked at each other in dismay; at length

a round-faced, saucy-looking lad put in: 'And John Archer's coming, sir.'

'What!' said the teacher; 'here, first-class monitor, step forward.'

A tall intelligent-looking boy of about sixteen came up to the desk.

'Do I hear you will be absent on the fifth of November?' asked Mr Morton.

'Yes, sir,' said Archer, smiling a little. 'Father wouldn't let them have a fire in the yard, without I promised to see no harm came of it; the school always closes, sir—it is a regular holiday.'

'Then I have nothing more to say,' said the master, raising his eyebrows; 'but we shall have to work hard for the Christmas examinations. What about your paper, Harry?'

'He shall do it, sir,' said the elder brother, 'and before Tuesday. I'll see to him.'

'Then I trust it to you, John; and if he knows it, you will have saved his mark. Now, clear the desks.'

John Archer hurried back to his place. The monitors took the copy-slips and books to their places, and by the time nine struck from the clock, the bell rang, and the classes, forming a semicircle before the master, began the evening-hymn. The simple harmony floated sweet and clear amid the dying firelight, and at its close the classes, led by the monitors, tramped two and two out of the school into the foggy night. Then the orderly train broke into scattered noisy groups, shouting and scampering homeward; clattering down the steep hill that led to the large smoky town, whose gas-lamps burned red in the damp air. Let us join a company of four, who, linked arm-in-arm, are walking slowly down the hill in earnest

talk. The two Archers we know; also we have seen Freddie Brown, the good-tempered, impudent-looking lad, who kicked Harry; the other, nearly as tall as John Archer, was yet only a third-class boy, James Knowle, rather sullen and stupid-looking. These four all lived on the hill; John Archer was speaking.

'So the special prizes are to be given on the master's birthday; that's Monday. They won't interfere with the Christmas ones though. Let's see, who's first in your class, Knowle? You, aren't you?'

'Not he; little Daily, *I* should say,' said Freddie Brown. 'Here, Daily; come here.'

Daily, I must tell you, was Charles Evans, who was nicknamed 'Daily,' because he cried the daily papers every morning about the neighbourhood. A bright, pleasant-looking little fellow, about eight years old, ran up to them, his laughing dark eyes sparkling through the fog.

'Is it you, Fred?—oh! I'm to be put forward; monitor says I'm a good deal first; I shall have the prize, and come into your class—isn't it jolly?'

'I'd wait till I got it, if I were you,' said James Knowle; 'you're a little too fast, Master Charlie, and always were—other folks could get first, if they fawned up to the monitor as you do.'

'That's a story,' said Charles passionately; 'I didn't know you were there.'

'No, or else you'd have kept your bragging style a bit, I know that.'

'Oh, be quiet,' said John Archer, 'don't let's have a fuss; I've not had tea yet, and Ann was to have it ready; you, boys, come in and settle about the bonfire-money; this is the last subscription-night.'

'I say, Daily,' said Harry, 'you might change your mind and join us; think what fun we shall have!'

This seemed a sore subject, and Charles answered, dolefully: 'You know I can't; I want my halfpence now for something else.'

'Tell us what then,' said Freddie, 'I never thought you'd turn stingy; I'll ask your brother Richard—here he is.'

Apparently Master Freddie's usual impudence failed him a little, as a tall young man stopped before the group: Charlie had hold of his hand directly, in a kind of mute appeal.

'Will you come and hear the end of the lecture at the Institute to-night, John?' said Richard. 'I've got a ticket, and Mr N. will know why I come in so late.'

'I only wish I could, but I want my tea. I could be with you in a quarter of an hour, if that will do?'

'Well, I'll wait,' said his friend. 'Come, Charlie,' and the brothers went home together.

John Archer's father had lately been left a widower, and the mistress and servant of the house was his daughter Ann, now in her ninth year. This important little woman looked up, hot and smiling, from behind a round of bread she was toasting, as the group of eager talking lads entered the cheerful kitchen.

'Now, Ann, be quick with some tea; I've only got ten minutes.'

'It's all ready, John, I can spread the dripping; I've had my tea with Toddlekins.'

'Hurrah for Old Toddlekins!' said Freddie Brown; 'where is she, Ann?'

She was lifted and held up to public notice, which she liked very much, and chuckled and winked in the glow

of the firelight. I don't know why she was called Old Toddlekins, when she was only a fat blue-eyed baby, whose right name was Mary Ann. The boys sat down to tea, waited on by little Ann; John nursing his baby-sister, who amused herself by kicking off her knitted shoes, seizing fiercely on any stray spoon or knife that was near, dropping it contemptuously with no apparent reason, and making sudden and dangerous darts out of John's arms across the tea-tray—all accompanied by happy crowing. The boys counted up their money and laid it on the table, sixpence each for fireworks, making two shillings in all; the fuel for the bonfire was to be begged or collected how they could. They were planning all this, when a sudden cry of 'fire' startled them to their feet. John threw Toddlekins to little Ann, and ran up the entry into the street, followed by all the others. Ann, who was frightened, threw a shawl over herself and baby, and ran through the back-kitchen into a neighbour's house. A moment after, a faint tap was heard at the window, and a face pressed close against the pane; then the door was gently opened, and Charles Evans looked cautiously in at the empty kitchen. When the boys had gained the street, they could see no crowd nor hurry, and soon found out that the alarm was only a joke of some idle street-boys.

'What a shame!' said Freddie. 'Well, never mind, I'll wish you good-night now, John.'

'I won't go back either,' said John Archer, 'now I am out; go in and tell Ann it's nothing, Harry.'

John and Fred ran off, and Harry, wishing James good-night, went down the entry. Before James had begun to set off home, some one ran out of the entry and nearly ran over him.

'Now, then, where are you going to?' he said crossly. 'Why it's you, is it?' as the light from the street-lamp fell on Charlie Evans; 'where have you been sneaking to?'

'Nowhere; let me go!' said Charles, struggling and turning red.

'Where have you been, eh?'

'Never you mind—you've no business holding me,' and he slipped out of James's grasp, and ran homeward. Harry Archer entered the kitchen, and called out for Ann.

'It was all stuff,' he cried as she came in; 'John's gone to the lecture, and—why—where's the money?—it was just there!'

'Oh!' said Ann in dismay, 'I saw it there as sure as sure; where *is* it gone?'

They searched under the table to no purpose, and Harry ran straight to Fred and James. Both boys remembered exactly where the money was laid down, and were in great perplexity, till Freddie suddenly suggested that John must have put it in his pocket before he went out. Much relieved by this, the friends wished each other good-night, and parted. It was not till some time after that James Knowle remembered his meeting with Charlie Evans running out of the court, and formed his own opinions about what had become of the money.

[*Write from dictation*]

The boys formed in a semicircle before they left the school—some distinguished by their energetic character, some by their intelligent looks. It is to be hoped that the subscription for the bonfire taken up in the neighbourhood did not interfere with their lessons. They felt great perplexity when they found the subscription-money gone, but the suggestion of one of their number apparently removed their fears.

CHAPTER II.—BREAKING UP OLD FRIENDSHIPS.

[*Spell and write*]

triumphantly, bewildered, impatiently, disturbance, encountered, excitedly, absolutely, interrupted, innocently, aggrieved, consolation, obstinacy.

John Archer thought he should be first in the school-yard the next night, but James Knowle was there before him.

'Well, Knowle, this is a strange business,' he began.

'I thought you hadn't the money with you,' said Knowle. 'You won't find it now, that 's certain; but I *think* I know pretty well where it 's gone.'

By this time Harry and Fred joined them, and they drew close into the corner of the yard, while James went on.

'It 's Charles Evans as has took it, and has got it.'

'Daily?' cried Fred. 'Oh, come, Master James, that *won't* do.'

'Stop a bit,' said John; 'how do you know this?'

'Because I saw him do it,' said James triumphantly. '*Now*, then.'

'Saw him do it, and never stopped him, or said anything last night?'

'I saw him go in and take something, and I saw him come out, and I stopped him when he was in the street, to know what he was at; and first he told a lie, and said he hadn't been, and then he began saucing me, and ran off home; but the money never came into my head till this morning. I thought he was only spying about, and never dreamed he 'd be so bad as that.'

'Nor I neither,' said Freddie with a heightened colour.

At this moment Charles came into the yard, and the bell rang.

'Here, Charles,' said John, 'we have lost all our money from the table last night, and James says you were at the house about the time it went; can you tell anything about it?'

The little lad looked round bewildered. 'I never saw any money,' he faltered.

'What were you there for?'

'I wanted to speak to Freddie Brown.'

'Then why did you tell James a different story?'

'I never saw your money—I never did,' said Charlie, breaking out with sudden passion.

'If that 's all you have to say,' said John, 'it looks very black; however, it 's no use talking; I shall say no more about it for old-acquaintance' sake, but it looks black, Charles, and' ——

'Monitors, to your places!' was called from the room, and the bell rang again impatiently and loudly. Do what he would, Mr Morton could not command the usual attention that night. There had never been so much whispering and carelessness. It was not at all James's intention to say no more about it, and a rumour soon spread among the classes, that some one had lost some money, and that little Evans was the thief.

'What is that noise in the third class?' said Mr Morton.

'Charles Evans has thrown his reading-book at George Vyse, sir,' answered the monitor.

'Evans, go down to the bottom of the class; your chance of the prize will go, sir, if there is any more disturbance.'

George Vyse, a cowardly, ill-natured little creature, had

been egged on by the others to find out what was the matter, to which end he had given Charles a nudge, and said: 'I say, what have you been a-thieving, eh?' and had been answered by having the reading-book thrown in his face. At length nine o'clock came, and the boys were dismissed.

'Stay a minute, John,' said Mr Morton; 'I want a word with you.'

'Not about Charles Evans, I hope, sir; I would much rather say nothing.'

'But I must have something said.' Whereupon John told him the facts.

'It is very sad,' said Mr Morton; 'but I must question Charles in James's presence, before I settle about the prizes. Good-night, John—by the way, have you seen Evans's friends?'

'I am going there, sir, and perhaps Charlie will give me the money back, and then it can be looked over, I hope, sir.'

'I don't know that,' said the master.

On going out of school, Freddie tried to see Charlie, but instead of that, he encountered George Vyse, who was picking up a stone. He had time to hurl it after little Evans, with a vicious cry of, 'Stop, thief!' and was about to send another after it, when Freddie's 'Ah! *would* you?' interfered with his design, and he received a violent shaking. In ten minutes, John Archer knocked at Mrs Evans's door, and, without waiting for permission, walked into the kitchen. Charlie, his books and slate flung into the middle of the floor, was sobbing with his head in his mother's apron, while Richard walked excitedly up and down the room.

'I expected you here to-night, John,' said he; 'Charlie,

lad, go out into the street, and stop your crying. Now, then,' he continued, when they were alone, 'what's this about hooting that child home through the street, and crying "thief" after him! I should like to know what it means.'

Richard's tone grated harshly on John's temper, but he answered quickly: 'I am sorry any such thing has happened, I knew nothing of it; but I have good reason to fear that Charles has taken some money out of our house, and as it may be only in play, if he will tell the truth, nothing more shall be said.'

'Are you no better than a born idiot, John Archer? If that's what you're come to say, the sooner you go about your business the better!'

John stood absolutely stunned with amazement; he had come with the most friendly meaning; anxious to give Charles a little lecture, and then do his best to screen him. To have the tables turned like this—to be called an idiot, and told to get out of the house by his oldest friend, was too much for him; but he was slow and cool, and before he could answer, Mrs Evans had put in her word: 'To think as our little Charlie should be called a thief, and us disgraced by you, as used to be like a brother to Dick!'

'Hold your tongue, mother!' interrupted Richard fiercely; 'no friend of mine calls Charlie thief, and John Archer won't darken our doors any longer!'

John contrasted his controlled temper with the fiery Evans's with a momentary satisfaction; it made him feel still more innocently aggrieved. He answered: 'No one need order me out of his house twice, and you'll never see me inside your door-sill again, that's certain; some time you'll have to own who's right.' When Charlie

had been sent out, he had gone crying down the street, till he was stopped by a timid pull at his sleeve. He looked up defiantly, but it was only Ann and Toddlekins, and he went on with his crying. Little Ann felt very much inclined to cry too, but she said: 'Don't, Charlie—don't take on, lad; I know what they say, and I don't believe any such thing: Harry doesn't, nor Fred—oh! lots don't. Toddlekins wouldn't, if she was grown up, and had her sense.'

'They hooted me home!' sobbed Charlie, quivering with anger and distress. 'James Knowle set 'em on; I 'll pay him for it, if he was fifty times as big as me.'

'No, Charlie, don't; it 'll all come right somehow—don't do nothing wrong and bad; bear no malice nor hatred in your heart;' she used the well-known words with a winning mixture of shyness and earnest attempt at consolation.

'Me steal it!' said Charles; 'I daresay James took it himself; he 's as like to as me, but they all say it 's me.'

'Look here, Charlie, you know who was used so cruel, and said all manner of things against; and He bore no malice, and forgave the people. Suppose it never does come out, why Jesus Christ knows you didn't take it, and He 'll make it out to you.'

'You never was hooted,' said poor Charles, 'and you're not a boy, and'——

An impatient touch was laid on Ann's shoulder at this minute, and John Archer said sharply: 'What are you doing—go home, do you hear?'

The tone admitted of no delay, and Ann walked on before him, quaking in silence. As soon as they were at home, her brother began: 'Now, what were you doing?'

'You saw, John, I was talking to Charlie Evans.'

'I am surprised, Ann! do you know that is a very bad, deceitful boy—never let me find you talking to him again, do you hear?'

'But I don't believe he did it, John,' pleaded Ann. 'He says very likely James Knowle took it himself.'

'That shews what he is then; Fred and Harry both know James didn't go to the house again; Charles, I see, is false as well as dishonest. I hope you pay attention to what I say, and see now that he must have done it?'

'I don't think he did, John,' said Ann, beginning to cry.

'You are a very obstinate little girl, I am afraid; remember, as long as you are in this temper, I shall not allow you to see any fireworks, if we *do* have any. Are you sorry for your obstinacy?'

'Yes, John; but I don't believe Charlie ever took it.'

'You had better go to bed, Ann, I think.'

'Good-night, John,' said the little girl; 'father's supper is in that saucepan; please to have it warm, and don't let it grue: you'd better keep stirring it, please, and one of the plates must be put in the oven to warm—not the best, because it might crack; but'——

'Go to bed—go to bed!' said John, with more emphasis than before.

'Where's little Ann?' said Mr Archer, when he came home from work. 'Why don't she bring me my supper?'

'She has not been good, and I sent her to bed,' said John, rather confusedly, partly on Ann's account, and partly because he was not quite easy in his mind as to the supper.

'Not good?' said his father; 'that's something new

for her, then. Don't you go sending her off again, that's all; nothing comes of it, as I see, but grued broth.'

[*Write from dictation*]

The innocent may look bewildered and excited when accused, and feel so deeply aggrieved as to refuse consolation until they are triumphantly acquitted. They wait impatiently for the day on which their innocence will be proved, spite of the obstinacy and ill-will of their accusers.

CHAPTER III.—GIVING AWAY THE PRIZES.

[*Spell and write*]

distribution, commendation, resolute, impossible, accusation, derisive, inadmissible, embarrassed, announcement.

The next day was Sunday, and it was not a very happy one to any of the circle we have been reading about. John Archer felt the break between himself and Richard Evans very deeply. Little Ann had seen that Charlie was neither at church nor at school in the morning, and was afraid he was ill, and dare not run up to Mrs Evans to ask. Fred and Harry were both disconsolate, partly because they expected no fireworks, after all they had saved, and partly on account of Charlie's trouble. Perhaps James Knowle was the most comfortable of all. As for Charlie, he was very wretched indeed, and complained so of his head when he got up, and looked so pale and tired from his fretting, that his mother let him sit by the fire all morning. At night, he went with her to church, and there little Ann's words did not seem so strange and unreal as they had sounded in the street. The passionate, careless little boy was broken

and softened by his trouble, and he prayed God to help him to bear it, and bring good out of it for him. Be quite sure God heard him and helped him. Outside the church Fred ran up to him, and said: 'Here, stop a bit, Daily; I'll call for you to-morrow night, and see you safe in to school.'

'Oh, Freddie, lad, I shan't come!'

'Don't be simple—not come and have your prize, after all! Why, Mr Morton knows nothing about it, nor needn't; the prize is yours—that's sure; nobody shall touch you. Oh, *did* you see me thrash Georgie Vyse?'

'Well, Fred, I'll come; mother and Dick will be vexed if I don't get the prize. I'll come, and thank you.'

There was a very full school on Monday night; the prizes, nicely-bound books, were piled on a little table by the master's desk. As soon as Mr Morton came in, he began the distribution. Each boy, reported first by his monitor, went up to the desk and received his book, accompanied by a few words of commendation from the master.

'Third class?' said Mr Morton.

'First boy, Charles Evans, sir,' answered the monitor, '107 marks; second boy, James Knowle, 80 marks.'

'That is a great difference,' said the teacher. 'Evans and Knowle, step forward.'

The boys went up to the desk.

'Charles Evans,' began Mr Morton, 'you have distanced your class-mates by a high number of marks, and so have fairly won this prize, and I am only sorry to fear that I shall not be able to give it you; I hear you have been accused of falsehood and dishonesty. Now, it is impossible that I should give a prize to a thief, and let him take a place of higher honour in the school. I hope,

therefore, that you will have something to say for yourself. John Archer, step forward.'

John came, looking sorry, but resolute.

'Be so good as to repeat what you had to say the other night.'

John went through the story again. The master turned to James.

'You say you saw Charles enter the house, and take something from the table?'

Now, James felt getting very uneasy in his mind—he had said so in his hurry to make good his accusation before Fred and Harry; but it was not the truth—he had only seen Charles come out of the entry, and he by no means liked to have to repeat his accusation before the school. After a moment's thought, however, he fancied there could be no harm done by it; he felt certain that Charles had taken the money, so it could not matter. He answered boldly, therefore: 'Yes, sir, I did.'

'Well, Evans, and what were you doing there?'

'I wanted to speak to Freddie Brown, sir; he and Harry kept on asking me to join their subscription; and I couldn't, because my new boots weren't paid for; sixpence a week was to be paid on 'em, and Dick said I ought to see to that first, and I didn't like to own that they weren't paid for.'

'That is a strange story,' said the master; 'you had plenty of time to speak to Brown, I think. Was no one in the house, John, when Evans went to it?'

'Little Ann might have been in, sir; but I think she had run out the back-way with the baby.'

'I suppose she wouldn't have taken it?'

John's pride had no time to take offence; the idea seemed so absolutely inadmissible to all the boys, that

a derisive murmur ran round the room in a second, and Freddie Brown broke out—'Oh, goodness! little Ann! I should just think not; besides she was gone—we saw her, Harry and me did.'

'As the matter stands,' said Mr Morton, 'James Knowle will take the prize, and go into the second class. I am exceedingly sorry that this has happened.'

Charlie walked back to his old place, and no one interfered or said a sharp word, as with hands trembling from excitement he picked up his slate and books, and turning neither to the right nor left, walked out of the schoolroom, while James took his seat in the second class, where he met with no very free welcome.

'Archer,' said Mr Morton, "I have forgotten this letter; please to put it in the nearest post for me; you will not be long, and I will see to the class while you are away.'

John had just stepped out of the school-yard, when he came into violent contact with little Ann, who was running her quickest. After a moment's pause to get breath, she gasped out—'Oh, John, Charlie *never* did! I've found all the money, and I've got the thief!'

John turned suddenly white; he had felt more since the accusation against little Evans than he had chosen to say.

'Run off!' he cried; 'I'll go and bring Charlie; run off home, and bring the thief, Ann.'

'The thief?' said Ann; 'but'——

'If you can't, go in next door; Jones's lads will help you. But be quick!' and John flew off towards Evans.

'Bring the thief!' said little Ann, opening her eyes to their roundest stretch—'Jones's lads! Oh, goodness me! what shall I do?'

In a short time John stood before the Evans's door,

and too eager to feel awkward or embarrassed, dashed into the kitchen. Richard, who was holding his little brother on his knee, looked up in angry surprise, and Mrs Evans broke out: 'I thought we wasn't to see you no more, master; what have you got against us now?'

'Oh, Dick! oh, Mrs Evans,' said John, with a tremble in his voice; 'don't, please; I was all wrong, and I'm come to take Charlie back to his prize; little Ann has got the thief, and it's all set right.'

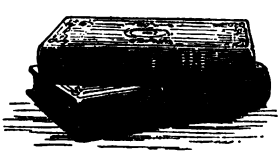
Without waiting for an answer, John put Charles's cap on, threw his arm round him, and drew him out.

'Come, Dick,' he cried, 'let's come and see him done right by,' and they hurried out of the house. The effect of John's sudden entrance and startling announcement, followed by the profound silence in which Mrs Evans found herself left, was afterwards compared by her to a 'bucket of water dashed in a body's face when they were gaping.' She sat stunned for a few minutes, looking at the open door; and it was only when the night air threatened to blow out her candle, that she rose and shut it, picked up Charlie's cloak, that had been dropped, and said meekly: 'Well, well, them rattles o' boys!'

[*Write from dictation*]

Commendation generally accompanies the announcement and distribution of prizes. Charlie seemed not to deserve commendation, and the prize was accordingly refused.

A derisive murmur shewed that the accusation of Ann was inadmissible, and the accuser was embarrassed by his own suggestion.



CHAPTER IV.—THE BONFIRE.

[*Spell and write*]

difficult, expectant, ejaculations, sympathy, proceeded, alternately, bewilderment, conscience, mercilessly.

Charles was half-led, half-carried along by his conductors, in a state of bewilderment difficult to describe. The boys looked up in amaze, as the three burst into the room; Richard and John eager and triumphant—Charlie shrinking from the noise, and the bright gas that flashed mercilessly on his poor little face, still white and tear-stained. There was a breathless silence as they made straight for the master's desk.

'What is it?' said Mr Morton. 'I hope nothing is wrong at home, John; your sister is here, wanting to speak to you, she says.'

For answer, John glanced rapidly round, till his eye fell on little Ann, who, nursing the baby, stood against the wall, expectant and ready.

'I thought I told you to bring the thief!' said John sharply.

'Oh, goodness! so I did—why it was Toddlekins!'

If she had said the Emperor of Russia, the silence and surprise could not have been more profound.

'Hurrah!' shouted Freddie Brown, and a mingled hubbub of ejaculations and delight filled the room.

'Silence!' cried Mr Morton. 'Here, Ann Archer, you seem the only one who can say anything besides "well, I never!" step forward and explain what you can.' Far too excited and glad to be in the least shy, she stepped before the desk with the rosy chuckling thief in her arms.

'It was Toddlekins, sir, as took it,' repeated little Ann; 'it was in her shoe; she's always kicking them off, first one, and then the other, and she must have took it off the table, John, while you was having your tea, and put it in—you saw her try to poke a spoon in; it fell into a crack under the cradle; Harry overturned the cradle as he ran out, and when I came back I could only find one shoe, and I should have got it long before, but the woman as helps me to clean, was ill on Saturday, and didn't come, so I thought I'd try and do it all myself to-night, and that's what I found,' holding up the once pretty pink shoe, now black and grimy, but heavy with its ill-gotten gains; 'and oh! I *said*, as Charlie never took it.'

There was one person in the room who by no means shared the general sympathy and joy. James Knowle had felt suddenly uneasy when Charlie had re-appeared with his big brother at his side, and had clutched his prize nervously; and as little Ann began and proceeded with her story, he became alternately cold and hot with terror; and before she had ended, felt he would be much more comfortable outside the school, and had slipped out unseen by any one. Mr Morton's face was very serious when Ann had finished.

'James Knowle,' he said sternly; but there was no answer. 'Monitor, send Knowle forward.'

'I can't see him, sir; he's not here—he's gone.'

'His bad conscience has driven him away,' said the master. 'Scratch his name out of the class-book. Charlie, we have done you a wrong; but I am glad it is not too late to set it right. You will, of course, go into the second class. Monitor, where is Knowle's prize?'

'Here, sir, on the floor; he must have dropped it.'

It was put into Charles's hands, and his new class-mates crowded round him with greetings and congratulations.

'Silence for the hymn, boys!' said Mr Morton.

Several voices trembled a little as they sang; Charles, with his face hidden in his brother's coat, cried outright; and many, while praising 'Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,' felt as if God were indeed nearer to them than they often thought.

As soon as they were in the street, 'Oh, didn't I tell you, dear lad?' cried Fred. 'You 'll come to the bonfire anyhow now; and if we catch James Knowle, we 'll roast him!'

'Let him be,' said Charlie; 'don't let 's hurt nobody; it 's bad enough to have enemies instead of friends, I know now. Don't let 's bear no malice nor hatred—I don't.'

You see little Ann's sermon was not quite forgotten, though Charles did not think of her in the least as he spoke.

'Yes, Dick, will you come?' said John Archer warmly; 'you don't know how bad I felt at breaking with you even for a day.'

This was a good deal for John to say; and Richard, as quick to forgive as to take offence, held out his hand, and promised to come.

And wasn't there a bonfire after all! and rockets, and serpents, and wheels, and a dish of snapdragon, and a hot supper cooking in the back-kitchen, watched over, not by little Ann this time, but by Mr Archer and Mrs Evans, who preferred to sit indoors, and see the fireworks through the window. It was a very pretty sight, when they had let off all the fireworks, and sat round the huge fire:

Fred and Harry busy roasting chestnuts, and Charlie handing round the snapdragon dish to the others.

'Oh, you image!' cried Freddie, addressing Toddlekins, who leaped and crowed at the flames in wild delight; 'what a character you are! Let's give her a cheer!'

And a general 'Hurrah!' for the innocent little thief rose up as near the stars as the boys' lungs could send it.

But who was the happiest of all the happy group? Not baby even, I think; not John and Richard, reconciled and united as they were; not Charlie, caressed and petted by all; certainly not Fred and Harry, with all their merry thoughtlessness. I think the happiest heart must have been the humblest and most loving there; and that, beyond all doubt, was little Ann's. You remember how she had been scolded and forbidden to come? Well, no one had thought it worth while to own that she had been right after all, and to ask her to join them. I think if you or I had been in her place, we should have kept aloof till we were fetched, and have found some way to have our dignity soothed, before we would by any means have looked over half the slights little Ann had received. She, however, as you see, was there, nursing her sister and waiting on the boys as unnoticed and contented as ever. I should like to hope that the Blessed Jesus would think of us with the love and favour He has for little Ann.

All who were so happy together that night must have been widely scattered as they grew up and followed their different courses of life, but none ever forgot the story of the stolen money; and those who live in the same town will tell you now, that there *may* have been Fifths of November and bonfires since then, but there never was

uch a Fifth of November as that, nor such a bonfire as Iarry Archer's.

[*Write from dictation*]

The expectant boys burst forth into ejaculations of joy and ympathy alternately—all but one, whose bad conscience made im sneak out of the school-room as fast as he could.

THE KITTEN AND FALLING LEAVES.

See the kitten on the wall,
Sporting with the leaves that fall,
Withered leaves—one—two—and three—
From the lofty elder-tree!
Through the calm and frosty air
Of this morning bright and fair,
Eddying round and round they sink
Softly, slowly: one might think
From the motions that are made,
Every little leaf conveyed
Sylph or fairy hither tending,
To this lower world descending,
Each invisible and mute,
In his wavering parachute.
But the kitten, now she starts,
Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts!
First at one, and then its fellow,
Just as light and just as yellow;
There are many now—now one—
Now they stop and there are none:
What intenseness of desire
In her upward eye of fire!
With a tiger-leap half-way
Now she meets the coming prey,

Lets it go as fast, and then
Has it in her power again:
Now she works with three or four,
Like an Indian conjuror;
Quick as he in feats of art,
Far beyond in joy of heart.
Were her antics played in the eye
Of a thousand standers-by,
Clapping hands with shouts and stare,
What would little Tabby care
For the plaudits of the crowd?
Over happy to be proud,
Over wealthy in the treasure
Of her own exceeding pleasure!

THE WILD SWANS.

[*Spell and write*]

easily, perceive, festivities, livelihood, peculiar, monotonous, magnificent, recognise, affliction, brilliant, sorrowfully, expiration, countenance, delicious, sufficient, accomplish, disappear, anxiety, probability, executioner, exhausted, procession.

Far away hence, in the land whither the swans fly when it is cold winter with us, there once lived a king who had eleven sons, and one daughter named Elisa. The eleven brothers were princes, and used to go to school with a star on their breast, and a sword at their side. They wrote on gold slates with diamond pencils, and learned by heart as easily as they could read; one could immediately perceive they were princes. Their sister Elisa sat on a little glass stool, and had a book

full of prints, that had cost nearly half the kingdom to purchase.

Oh, these children were happy indeed—but, unfortunately, their happiness was not to last.

Their father, who was the king of the land, married a wicked queen, who was not well disposed towards the poor children. This they perceived from the very first day. There were festivities in the palace, and the children were playing at receiving visitors; but instead of their obtaining, as usual, all the cakes and roast apples that were to be had, she merely gave them some sand in a tea-cup, and told them they could make-believe with that.

In the following week, she sent their little sister Elisa to a peasant's cottage in the country; and before long, she spoke so ill of the poor princes to the king, that he no longer troubled himself about them.

'Fly out into the world, and pick up your own livelihood,' said the wicked queen. 'Fly in the shape of large birds without a voice.' But she could not make things as bad as she wished, for they were turned into eleven beautiful wild swans; and away they flew out of the palace windows, uttering a peculiar cry as they swept over the park to the forest beyond.

It was still early as they passed by the peasant's cottage, where Elisa lay asleep. They hovered over the roof, and extended their long necks, and flapped their wings, but nobody heard or saw them; so they were obliged to go on. And they rose up to the clouds, and flew out into the wide world, until they reached a large gloomy forest that shelved down to the sea-shore.

Poor little Elisa was standing in a room in the cottage, playing with a green leaf, for she had no other toy. And

she pierced a hole through the leaf, and looked up at the sun, when she fancied she saw her brothers' clear eyes; and every time the warm sunbeams fell on her cheeks, she used to think of their kisses.

One day was just as monotonous as another. If the wind rustled through the large hedge of rose-bushes, he would whisper to the roses: 'Who can be more beautiful than you?' But the roses would shake their heads, and answer: 'Elisa.' And if the old woman sat before the door, on a Sunday, reading her psalm-book, the wind would turn over the leaves, and say to the book: 'Who can be more pious than thou?' And then the psalm-book would answer: 'Elisa.' And both the roses and the psalm-book spoke the pure truth.

When she was fifteen, she was to return home. But when the queen saw how beautiful she was, her heart was filled with hatred and spite. She would willingly have turned her into a wild swan, like her brothers, but she dared not do it just yet, because the king wished to see his daughter.

The wicked queen then rubbed the princess with walnut-juice till she was quite brown, and besmeared her face with rancid ointment, and tangled her magnificent hair, till it was impossible to recognise the beautiful Elisa.

When her father saw her he was quite frightened, and declared she was not his daughter. Nobody but the watch-dog and the swallows would recognise her—only they were poor animals, and could not speak a word.

Poor Elisa then cried, and thought of her eleven brothers, who were all away. And she stole out of the palace in great affliction, and walked the whole day long across fields and marshes till she reached the large forest.

She knew not whither she was going, but she felt so sad, and she longed to see her brothers, whom she felt certain had been driven out into the world like herself, and she determined to seek till she found them.

She had been but a short time in the wood when night came on; and having walked a long way, she lay down on the soft moss, said her prayers, and leaned her head against the stump of a tree. It was perfectly quiet all around, the air was mild, and hundreds of glowworms lit up the surrounding grass and moss like green fire; and if she touched a twig ever so lightly, brilliant insects showered down like so many falling-stars.

All night she dreamed of her brothers, and she thought they were playing together as in childhood. The sun was already high in the heavens when she woke. She heard the rippling of water, which proceeded from several large streams that fell into a lake, that had a most beautiful sandy bed. Thick bushes grew round the lake, but the deer had made a large opening at one spot, through which Elisa was enabled to reach the water.

As soon as Elisa saw her own image, she was frightened at finding herself so brown and so ugly. But on wetting her little hand, and rubbing her eyes and forehead, her white skin was soon apparent once more. She then undressed, and got into the water; and a lovelier royal child than herself could not have been met with in the wide world.

When she had dressed herself again, and braided her long hair, she went to the running stream, and drank out of the hollow of her hand, and then she wandered deeper into the forest, without knowing what she meant to do. She thought of her brothers, and trusted that God would not abandon her. God has bidden the wild apples grow

to feed the hungry, and He led her to one of those trees, whose boughs were bending beneath the weight of their fruit. Here she made her mid-day's meal, and, after propping up the branches, she went into the gloomiest depths of the forest. It was so quiet there, that she could hear the sound of her own footsteps, and every little dried leaf that crackled under her feet. It was solitude such as she had never known before.

The night was quite dark. Not one little glowworm beamed from the moss. She lay down sorrowfully to compose herself to sleep. She then fancied that the boughs above her head moved aside, and that the Almighty looked down upon her with pitying eyes, while angels hovered above.

Next morning when she woke she set out, but had not gone many steps when she met an old woman with a basket full of berries. The old woman gave her some to eat, and Elisa asked her if she had not seen eleven princes riding through the forest.

'No,' said the old woman; 'but yesterday I saw eleven swans, with golden crowns on their heads, swimming down the river hereabouts.'

She then led Elisa a little further towards a slope, at the foot of which ran a winding rivulet. The trees on its banks stretched forth their long leafy branches till they met, and wherever their growth would not have allowed them to mingle their foliage, the roots had broken loose from the soil, and hung entwined with the branches across the water.

Elisa then bid the old dame farewell, and followed the rivulet till it flowed towards a wide, open shore.

The sea now lay before the young maiden in all its

splendour, but not a sail was to be seen, and not as much as a boat could be descried.

In the moist sea-weeds lay eleven white swans' feathers, which she gathered into a bunch. Drops of water trembled upon them; but whether they were dew-drops or tears, nobody could tell.

Just at sunset, Elisa saw eleven wild swans, with golden crowns on their heads, flying towards the shore, one behind the other, like a long white ribbon. Elisa then went up the slope, and hid herself behind a bush; the swans came down close to her, and flapped their large white wings.

The sun had no sooner sunk into the water, than their plumage fell off, and Elisa's brothers stood there as eleven handsome princes. She uttered a loud scream; for, changed as they were, she knew and felt it must be they. She flung herself into their arms, calling them by their names; and the princes were enchanted upon recognising their little sister, and finding how beautiful she had grown. They laughed and cried all in a breath, and they had soon related to each other how wicked their stepmother had been to them all.

'We brothers,' said the eldest, 'fly about, as wild swans, while the sun is in the heavens; but no sooner has it sunk down, than we recover our human shape. Therefore must we always provide a resting-place for our feet towards sunset; for were we flying in the clouds at this hour, we should fall into the sea on resuming our natural form. We do not live here. There lies across the sea a country as beautiful as this; but the way thither is long. We have to cross the wide, wide sea, and there is not an island to be met with on the passage; only one solitary little rock lifts its head from the midst

of the waters, and is barely large enough to afford us a resting-place by crowding closely together. If the sea is rough, the waves dash over us; still we thank God even for this barren crag, where we spend the night in our human shape, for without it we should never be able to visit our beloved country, since it requires two of the longest days in the year for our flight. It is only once a year that we have the privilege of visiting our home, and we have but eleven days to remain here and to fly over the forest, whence we can look upon the palace where we were born, and where our father lives, and at the church-yard where our mother lies buried. But we have only two days left to remain here, and then we must cross the sea to go to a beautiful country, which, however, is not our own. How shall we take you with us, when we have neither ship nor boat?'

'How can I break your spell?' asked the sister.

And they talked nearly the whole night through, and only slept a very few hours.

Elisa awoke on hearing the rustling of the swans' wings as they hovered over her, for her brothers were once more transformed. They described large circles, and at length flew quite away; but one of them, the youngest, remained behind. He nestled his head in her lap, and she stroked his wings, and they remained together the whole day. Towards evening, the others returned; and when the sun had set, they resumed their natural shape.

'To-morrow, we must fly away,' said one of them, 'and may not return till the expiration of a whole year. Yet we cannot leave you thus. Have you the courage to accompany us? My arm is strong enough to carry you through the forest, and why should not the wings of us all suffice to bear you across the ocean.'

'Yes, do take me with you,' said Elisa.

So they spent the whole night in making a net with the pliant bark of osiers and ropy sedges; and the net proved large and strong. Elisa lay down upon it, and when the sun rose, and her brothers were changed to swans, they took up the net with their beaks, and flew up to the clouds with their beloved sister, who was still fast asleep; and as the sunbeams fell right upon her countenance, one of the swans hovered over her head to shade her with his broad wings.

They were far from land when Elisa woke. She thought she was still dreaming, so strange did it seem to her to be carried high up in the air over the wide sea. By her side lay a branch full of delicious ripe berries, and a bundle of savoury roots; these had been gathered by her youngest brother, and placed ready for her use. She smiled her thanks to him, for she recognised him in the swan who was hovering over her to shade her with his wings.

They were so high up in the air, that the largest ship below them looked like a white sea-mew riding on the waves.

They flew on and on the livelong day, like an arrow speeding through the air; still they proceeded somewhat more slowly than usual, having their sister to carry. Dark clouds arose as evening came on, and Elisa beheld the sinking sun with an anxious heart, for as yet no rock was in sight. It seemed to her as if the swans were flapping their wings and winnowing their flight with desperate efforts. Alas! she was the cause of their tardy advance. And at sunset they must recover their human shape, and fall into the sea, and be drowned! Oh! how she prayed for their safety, from her inmost heart!—but still no rock appeared.

THE WILD SWANS—*concluded.*

The sun had now reached the edge of the sea. Elisa's heart beat fast, and the swans darted down so swiftly, that she thought she must fall. But now, again they soared in the air. The sun had dipped half into the water, when at length the little rock appeared below them. It did not look larger than a sea-dog's head, peeping out of the waves. The sun sank so rapidly, that it now only looked like a star—and, at that moment, their feet touched the solid ground. The sun went out like the last spark of a dying torch, and the brothers now stood arm-in-arm round their sister; but there was not an inch more room than just sufficient for herself and them.

The waves lashed the rock, and a drizzling mist kept falling over them, while the sky was lighted up with continual flashes, and one clap of thunder followed close upon another; but the sister and her brothers stood holding each other's hands, and singing psalms, from which they derived both hope and courage.

Towards dawn the air was pure and still; and the moment the sun had risen, the swans carried Elisa away from the rock.

The sea was still rough, and, when seen from above, the white foam that crested the dark green waves looked like millions of swans swimming on the waters.

Long before sunset she sat on a rock, in front of a large cavern, that was overgrown with delicate green creepers, looking like an embroidered carpet.

'Now, we shall see what you will dream about to-night!' said the youngest brother, as he shewed his sister her chamber.

'Heaven send that I may dream how to save you!' said she; and this notion busied her intently, and she prayed heartily to God to help her—so heartily, indeed, that she continued praying in her sleep. She then thought she was flying up through the air, to the fairy Morgiana's castle of clouds; and the fairy came forth to welcome her, in all her beauty and splendour, yet resembling, withal, the old woman who had given her the berries in the forest, and told her of the swans with golden crowns on their heads.

'Your brothers can be delivered,' said she; 'but have you sufficient courage and constancy to break the spell? Do you see this stinging-nettle that I hold in my hand? A number of the same sort grow round the cavern in which you are sleeping; and, mark me well, only those, and such as grow in churchyards, are available for the purpose in question. You must pluck them, although they will blister your hands. By treading upon them with your feet, you will obtain flax, with which you must braid eleven coats of mail, with long sleeves, that will no sooner be thrown over the eleven swans, than the spell will be broken. But remember that, from the moment you begin this work, until it be finished, though it should take years to accomplish, you must not speak a word, as the first syllable you pronounce will strike a death-dagger through your brothers' hearts. Their lives depend on your silence. Mark this well!'

And at the same time she touched her hand with the nettle, which was like burning fire, and caused Elisa to wake. It was broad day, and close beside her lay a nettle, like those she had seen in her dream. She then fell on her knees, and thanked God, and left the cave to begin her work.

Her delicate hands now plucked the ugly nettles, that were like fire. Large blisters rose on her hands and arms; yet she suffered cheerfully, in the hope of delivering her beloved brothers. She trod each nettle with her bare feet, and then began to braid the green flax.

When the sun had sunk her brothers came home, and were frightened to find her dumb. They thought it some fresh spell contrived by their wicked stepmother. But, on seeing her hands, they understood what she was doing for their sakes; and the youngest brother wept, and wherever his tears fell on her hands the burning blisters disappeared.

She worked all night, for she could not rest till she had delivered her dear brothers. The swans were absent during the whole of the following day, and she sat alone; but never had the hours seemed to fly faster. One coat of mail was already braided, and she then began another.

A bugle-horn now echoed amongst the mountains, and made her start with fear. The sound approached—she heard the barking of dogs, and flying back into the cave in great alarm, she tied up into a bundle the nettles she had gathered and dressed, and sat upon it.

At that moment, a large dog jumped out of a narrow pass between the mountains, and was quickly followed by another, and another still; they barked aloud, and ran back, and then returned again. In a few minutes, all the huntsmen stood beside the cave, and the handsomest among them was the king of the land. He stepped up to Elisa, who was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen.

'How did you come hither, lovely maiden?' asked he.

Elisa shook her head. She dared not speak, for her brothers' delivery and lives were at stake; and she hid

her hands under her apron, that the king might not see what she must be enduring.

'Come with me,' said he; 'you cannot remain here. If you are as good as you are beautiful, I will dress you in silk and velvet, and place my gold crown on your head, and you shall dwell in my richest palace.' He then lifted her on to his horse. She wept, and wrung her hands; but the king said: 'I do but wish for your happiness. Some day you will thank me for what I am doing.' And then he hurried over the mountains, and held her before him on his horse, and the huntsmen followed.

Towards sunset, the handsome capital, with its churches and cupolas, lay before them. And the king led her into the palace, where large fountains were playing in marble halls, whose walls and ceilings were adorned with paintings. But she had not the heart to look at these fine things; and continued weeping and mourning. However, she willingly allowed the women to dress her in regal robes, to braid her hair with pearls, and to put delicate gloves over her wounded fingers.

When she appeared in all her magnificence, she looked so dazzlingly beautiful, that the whole court bowed still more profoundly before her. And the king chose her for his bride, though the archbishop shook his head, and whispered that the pretty maid of the forest was in all likelihood a witch, who had fascinated the eyes and befooled the heart of their king. But the king would not listen to him; and ordered the music to strike up, and the most costly dishes to be laid on the table, while the loveliest girls danced around her. And she was led through magnificent rooms into a garden of the choicest and loveliest flowers; but not a smile could be won from

her lips, or be made to sparkle in her eyes. She seemed the image of sorrow. The king then opened a little room close to her sleeping-chamber, provided with a costly green carpet, and exactly like the cave she came from. On the floor lay the bundle of flax that she had spun out of the nettles, while the coat of mail which she had finished hung from the ceiling. They had been taken away by a huntsman, who looked upon them as curiosities.

'You can fancy yourself in your early home,' said the king. 'Here is the work that busied you in the cave; and now, in the midst of all your magnificence, it may amuse you to look back upon those days.'

When Elisa saw what interested her so deeply, a smile played round her mouth, and the blood rushed back to her cheeks. She thought of her brothers' delivery, and kissed the king's hand; while he pressed her to his heart, and ordered all the bells to ring to announce their marriage. And the beautiful, dumb maid of the forest became the queen of the land.

Each day she loved the king more and more. Oh, how it would have relieved her to have told him her sorrows, and to be able to complain! But dumb she must remain, and in silence must she finish her work. She, therefore, used to steal away from his side at night, and go into the little room that was decorated like the cave, and plaited one coat of mail after another.

On beginning the seventh, however, there was no flax left. She knew that the nettles she required grew in the churchyard; only she must pluck them herself, and she knew not how she should manage to reach the spot.

'What is the pain in my fingers compared to the anxiety my heart endures?' thought she. 'I must attempt the adventure! The Lord will not withdraw

His hand from me.' And with as much fear and trembling as if she were about to commit a wicked action, did she steal down into the garden one moonlight night, and crossing the long alleys, she threaded the lonely streets until she reached the churchyard. She prayed silently, and plucked the burning nettles, and carried them home.

One human being alone had seen her, and that was the archbishop. He was up while others were sleeping. Now he felt confirmed in his opinion that the queen was not what she ought to be, and that she was a witch, who had befooled the king and the whole nation by her arts.

He told the king what he had seen, and what he feared. Then bitter tears rolled down the king's cheeks. He went home, with a misgiving in his heart, and that night he pretended to go to sleep; but no sleep visited his eyes, and he perceived that Elisa got up. Every night she did the same, and each time he followed her softly, and saw her disappear into the little room.

His brow grew darker day by day. Elisa saw the change that had come over him, yet could not imagine the reason, though it made her uneasy; and, besides this, how she suffered at heart on her brothers' account! Her warm tears bedewed the regal velvet and purple, and there they lay like glittering diamonds. Meantime, she had nearly finished her work. Only one coat of mail was wanting; but she was short of flax, and had not a single nettle left. Once more—and this once only—would she have to go to the churchyard, and gather a few handfuls of nettles. She thought with horror of this lonely excursion, but her will was as firm as her trust in the Lord.

Elisa went, but the king and the archbishop followed her. They saw her disappear behind the grated door of

the churchyard, and when they had nearly come up with her, the king turned away, for he fancied that she was indeed a witch.

'The people must judge her!' said he. And the people pronounced that she should be burned as a witch.

She was now taken from the splendours of the royal palace to a dark, damp dungeon, where the wind whistled through a grating; and instead of silk and velvet, they gave her the bunch of nettles which she had gathered: this was to serve as her pillow, while the hard, burning coats of mail that she had plaited were to be her coverlet. But nothing could have been more welcome to her: she resumed her work, and prayed to Heaven. The boys in the street sang lampoons upon her outside her prison, and not a soul comforted her with a kind word.

Towards evening, the rustling of a swan's wings sounded near the grating. This was her youngest brother, who had discovered his sister's dungeon; and she sobbed for joy on seeing him, although she knew that the following night would in all probability be her last. But now her work was almost completed, and her brothers were there.

The archbishop came to spend the last hour with her, as he had promised the king he would do. But she shook her head, and begged him by looks and by signs to go away; for, unless she completed her work that night, her sufferings, her tears, and her sleepless nights would all prove vain. The archbishop left the prison, muttering calumnies against her; but poor Elisa knew that she was innocent, and never paused at her work.

The little mice ran about the floor; they dragged the nettles to her feet, in order to help as well as they could; while a thrush sat near the grating of the window, and sang sweetly all night long, to keep up her spirits.

At early dawn, about an hour before sunrise, the eleven brothers presented themselves at the palace-gate, and requested to be shewn in to the king; but they were told it was impossible. It was still dark; and the king was asleep, and could not be waked. They implored, they threatened, the guard appeared, and at last the king himself came out to inquire what was the matter; but just then the sun rose, the princes vanished, and eleven swans flew over the palace.

The whole population flowed out through the gates of the town to see the witch burned. An old, sorry-looking hack drew the cart on which she sat; she was dressed in a sackcloth kirtle, and her beautiful hair was hanging loose on her shoulders; her cheeks were as pale as death, and her lips moved slightly, while her fingers continued braiding the green flax. Even on her way to death, she would not interrupt the work she had undertaken; the ten coats of mail lay at her feet, and she was finishing the eleventh.

The people scoffed at her: 'Look how the witch is muttering! She has no psalm-book in her hand—no! she is busy with her hateful juggling. Let's tear her work to pieces.' And they all rushed forward, and were going to tear the coats of mail, when eleven wild swans darted down, and placing themselves round her in the cart, flapped their large wings. The crowd then gave way in alarm.

'Tis a sign from Heaven! She is surely innocent!' whispered the multitude; but they did not dare to say so aloud.

The executioner now took hold of her; but she hastily threw the eleven coats of mail over the swans, when eleven handsome princes instantly stood before her. Only

the youngest had a swan's wing instead of an arm, because a sleeve was wanting to complete his coat of mail, for she had not been able to finish it.

'Now I may speak,' said she; 'I am innocent!'

And the mob, on seeing what had taken place, now bowed before her, as if she had been a saint; but she sank fainting into her brothers' arms, exhausted by the intense anxiety and grief she had suffered.

'Yes, she is innocent!' said the eldest brother, and he now related all that had happened; and as he spoke, the air was filled with the perfume as of millions of roses, for every stick of firewood in the funeral pile had taken root and put forth buds and flowers, and there stood a fragrant hedge, both tall and thick, full of red roses; and quite above bloomed a flower as white and brilliant as a star. The king plucked it, and placed it in Elisa's bosom, and then she awoke from her swoon with a peaceful and happy heart. And all the bells fell a-ringing of themselves, and birds flocked thither in long processions. And such a wedding-party as returned to the palace, no king had ever seen before!

[*Write from dictation*]

The procession was on its way to the place of execution. The queen rode sorrowfully along, her once brilliant countenance full of affliction and anxiety. She was exhausted, too, by the long monotonous work she had vowed to accomplish in silence, and by the thought that in all probability she must die before the expiration of her brothers' woes. It is pleasant to perceive how easily her sorrows are ended, and to imagine the magnificent festivities with which the king would recognise her peculiarly tender and faithful love.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A BEAR IN THE ARCTIC SEA.

[*Spell and write*]

artificial, economy, occasions, resolutely, adventurous, fatiguing, evaporation, stimulus, undismayed, offensive, formidable, obstinacy, ridicule, consequences, audacious, encouraged, stratagem, succeeded, perseverance, incautious, assailant, adversary, experienced, honourable.

A whaling-vessel lay moored to a piece of ice, on which, at a considerable distance, a large bear was observed prowling about for prey. One of the ship's company, emboldened by an artificial courage, derived from the free use of rum, which in his economy he had stored for special occasions, undertook to pursue and attack the bear that was within view. Armed only with a whale-lance, he resolutely, and against all persuasion, set out on his adventurous exploit. A fatiguing journey

of about half a league, over a yielding surface of snow and rugged hummocks, brought him within a few yards of the enemy, which, to his surprise, undauntedly faced him, and seemed to invite him to the combat. His courage being by this time greatly subdued, partly by evaporation of the stimulus, and partly by the undismayed and even threatening aspect of the bear, he levelled his lance, in an attitude suited either for offensive or defensive action, and stopped. The bear also stood still; in vain the adventurer tried to rally courage to make the attack—his enemy was too formidable, and his appearance too imposing. In vain also he shouted, advanced his lance, and made feints of attack; the enemy, either not understanding or despising such unmanliness, obstinately stood his ground. Already the limbs of the sailor began to quiver; but the fear of ridicule from his messmates had its influence, and he yet scarcely dared to retreat. Bruin, however, possessing less reflection, or being regardless of consequences, began with audacious boldness to advance. His nigh approach and unshaken step subdued the spark of bravery and that dread of ridicule that had hitherto upheld our adventurer; he turned and fled. But now was the time of danger; the sailor's flight encouraged the bear in turn to pursue, and being better practised in snow-travelling, and better provided for it, he rapidly gained upon the fugitive. The whale-lance, his only defence, encumbering him in his retreat, he threw it down, and kept on. This fortunately excited the bear's attention; he stopped, pawed it, bit it, and then renewed the chase. Again he was at the heels of the panting seaman, who, conscious of the favourable effects of the lance, dropped one of his mittens; the stratagem succeeded, and while Bruin again stopped to examine it, the fugitive, improving the interval, made

considerable progress ahead. Still the bear resumed the pursuit with a most provoking perseverance, except when arrested by another mitten, and finally by a hat, which he tore to shreds between his fore-teeth and paws, and would no doubt soon have made the incautious adventurer his victim, who was now rapidly losing strength, but for the prompt and well-timed assistance of his shipmates —who, observing that the affair had assumed a dangerous aspect, sallied out to his rescue. The little phalanx opened him a passage, and then closed to receive the bold assailant. Though now beyond the reach of his adversary, the dismayed fugitive continued onwards, impelled by his fears, and never relaxed his exertions until he fairly reached the shelter of his ship. The bear once more came to a stand, and for a moment seemed to survey his enemies with all the consideration of an experienced general; when, finding them too numerous for a hope of success, he very wisely wheeled about, and succeeded in making a safe and honourable retreat.

[*Write from dictation*]

Emboldened by an artificial courage, derived from rum, which in his economy he had stored for special occasions, the adventurous seaman resolutely advanced to meet the formidable bear, which was undismayed by his approach. But soon the adventurer, perceiving the consequences of delay, turned and made good his escape, thanks to his companions, who succeeded in coming up in time to assist him. The bear surveyed his new enemies with the consideration of an experienced general; when, finding them too numerous to make an attack successful, he wheeled about, and made a safe and honourable retreat.

ENCOUNTER WITH A WILD TRIBE IN AUSTRALIA.

[*Spell and write*]

bivouac, apprehensions, subsided, evidently, conciliate, passionate, endeavoured, paralysed, principal, confusion, anxiety, equilibrium.

Captain Spencer was cast away on the shore of Australia, where there were no settlers. He had with him his horse Tiger, his dog Gip, and a parrot called Charlie, who had been taught to speak. He was many hundred miles from any white men, and had to make his way through thick forests full of savages, till he found them. But this he resolved to try and do, having no guide but his pocket-compass.

He met with many adventures, and this is one of them.

'Hastily swallowing his breakfast, and throwing some food to Gip, who devoured it greedily, while he saw that his firearms were in good order, and then loading his horse Tiger, Captain Spencer, who feared some hostile attack from the natives, departed early from his night-bivouac. As hours passed away, and fresh beauties presented themselves to his view, apprehensions of evil from the natives subsided, and he laughed to see how Tiger snorted under the flies, and Gip rubbed her nose in the bushes, as they walked on with their eyes almost closed. He had some thoughts of resting, when Charlie, who had been occasionally flying ahead of them, quickly returning, exclaimed: "Ned Spencer, Ned Spencer!" and perched on his master's shoulder. Advancing a few paces into a

spot cleared of trees, and full of masses of fallen cliff, the soldier stood opposite his enemies, mounted on the top of the rock, and awaiting his approach. They were headed by a man much taller than the rest, whose face was painted white, to shew that he was in mourning; and he and the others had their spears fixed in their throwing sticks, and uttered the most savage yells. They pointed with fierce gestures to the sea, as if ordering the stranger to return. But the sight of Captain Spencer, with Charlie on his shoulder, for a moment astonished them; and the bark of defiance with which Gip greeted them, so different to the howl of their own dogs, which never bark, arrested their progress. Then, when Tiger the horse appeared, they fell back, and evidently talked to each other concerning the whole party. Wishing to conciliate them, Captain Spencer, unable to find anything white, as a signal of peace, broke a bough from a tree, and holding it up, advanced towards them. Many of them retreated still further; but the tall man loudly addressed them with passionate gestures, on which they screamed, jumped, bit their beards and spat them out again, and at last the chief hurled his spear. Captain Spencer avoided it by stepping on one side, and thinking that he ought now to shew his power, he fired one ball from his pistol over their heads. As it whistled through the air, they stared, and endeavoured to follow it with their eyes; but they stood their ground; and when again excited by their head-man, a shower of spears was about to be hurled at the party, Captain Spencer paralysed the aim of the principal person by lodging a bullet in his arm. Again were the weapons lowered, and the Englishman tried to advance; but their leader, in still greater fury, evidently ordered them to throw their spears.

Springing behind a piece of rock, the traveller saved his life; but one of the spears carried away a part of his grass-hat, and another became transfixed in the load on Tiger's back, who raised his head and neighed loudly, while Gip continued to bark, and Charlie to scream overhead. "Now," thought Captain Spencer, "if ever a man were justified in taking away life in self-defence, I am. I must destroy that fellow!" and crouching down, and resting his gun upon the rock, he fired at the tall enemy, and sent a bullet into his heart. The man instantly fell, and most of his companions crowded round him, while two or three again hurled their spears. The second barrel of the gun sent a bullet into the leg of another man, and then all crowded in confusion round the body of their companion, and went away as quickly as possible.'

The first impulse of the traveller was to utter his short and fervent thanks to the gracious Preserver of his life, and then to leave the spot as quickly as possible. On turning round to summon Tiger, he beheld the poor beast on the ground, and in the greatest alarm ran to his assistance. Anxiety gave way to joy, when he found his faithful friend was unhurt, having been brought down by one of the last spears, which destroyed the equilibrium of the baggage. Gip had been behind the rock with his master, and so escaped unhurt, and Charlie issued from a hole, saying, 'All's right!—I 'm coming!'

[*Write from dictation*]

A man who is compelled to bivouac in a waste desert, may well be full of anxiety; but in this case the principal apprehension of the captain was caused by the savages, whose passionate nature, when they had once lost their equilibrium, evidently made them more difficult to conciliate. The captain endeavoured to make them friends, but failed in his attempts to do so.

STORY OF A GOAT.

[*Spell and write*]

suppression, decisive, residence, asylum, consequence, sequestered, situation, aperture, provisions, elevated, obstacle, demonstration, administering, solitary, interposed, adventure.

After the final suppression of the Scottish rebellion of 1715, by the decisive battle of Preston, a gentleman who had taken a very active share in it escaped to the West Highlands, to the residence of a female relative, who afforded him an asylum. As, in consequence of the strict search which was made after the ringleaders, it was soon judged unsafe for him to remain in the house of his friend, he was conducted to a cavern in a sequestered situation, and furnished with a supply of food. The approach to this lonely abode consisted of a small

aperture, through which he crept, dragging his provisions along with him. A little way from the mouth of the cave the roof became elevated; but, on advancing, an obstacle obstructed his progress. He soon perceived that, whatever it might be, the object was a living one; but suspicious of danger though he was, he felt unwilling to strike at a venture with his dirk, so he stooped down and discovered a goat and a kid lying on the ground. The animal was evidently in great pain, and on passing his hand over her body, he discovered that one of her legs was fractured. He accordingly bound it up with his garter, and offered her some of his bread; but she refused to eat, and stretched out her tongue, as if her mouth was parched with thirst. He gave her water, which she drank greedily, and then she ate the bread. At midnight he ventured out, pulled a quantity of grass and tender branches of trees, and carried them to the poor sufferer, who received them with demonstrations of gratitude.

The only thing which the fugitive had to occupy his attention in his dreary abode was administering comfort to the goat, and secluded and solitary as he was, he was thankful to have any living creature beside him. Under his care, the animal quickly recovered, and became tenderly attached to him. It happened that the servant who was intrusted with the secret of his retreat fell sick, when it became necessary to send another with the daily provision. The goat, on this occasion, happening to be lying near the mouth of the cavern, violently opposed the entrance of the stranger, butting him furiously with her head. The fugitive, hearing the noise, advanced, and receiving the watchword from his new attendant, interposed, and the faithful goat permitted him to pass. So resolute was the animal on this occasion, that the

gentleman was convinced she would, if necessary, have died in his defence.

[*Write from dictation*]

The poor goat who figures in this adventure, would probably have died in consequence of want of provisions, had not the gentleman sought an asylum in this solitary and sequestered situation. Her demonstrations of love in return for his administering to her wants, and the way she interposed when she thought him in danger, gave decisive proofs of an elevated nature not common to animals of this kind.

THE FISHING-BOAT.

A Song.

GOING OUT.

1.

Briskly blows the evening gale,
Fresh and free it blows;
Blessings on the fishing-boat,
How merrily she goes!

2.

CHRIST He loved the fishermen;
Walking by the sea,
How He blessed the fishing-boats,
Down in Galilee!

3.

Dark the night and wild the wave,
CHRIST the boat is keeping;
Trust in Him, and have no fear,
Though He seemeth sleeping.

COMING IN.

4.

Briskly blows the morning breeze,
Fresh and strong it blows;
Blessings on the fishing-boat,
How steadily she goes!

5.

CHRIST He loved the fishermen;
And He blessed the net,
Which the hopeless fishers threw
In Gennesaret.

6.

He has blessed our going out,
Blessed, too, our returning;
Given us laden nets at night,
And fair wind in the morning.

THE MISER PUNISHED.

[*Spell and write*]
advertised, treasure, promised.

Francis [*At Mr Gripe's door*]. Is the master at home?

Gripe. What do you want with the master?

Francis. Mr Gripe has advertised that he has lost a bag containing a large sum of money.

Gripe. I am Gripe. Come in quickly, my worthy fellow! my good fellow! my brave fellow! Have you found my lost treasure?

Francis. I don't know if this is your treasure; but as £5 was offered to whoever found a bag containing £100, I should very much like to receive the £5.

Gripe. Nothing can be fairer. A promise is a promise. Let me see the bag.

Francis. Here it is; and if it belongs to you, I'll give it you for the £5.

Gripe. It is my lost treasure. I will give you 10s. reward!

Francis. But you promised £5 to whoever would bring you a bag containing £100.

Gripe. My bag contained £105. You have, I suspect, kept the £5 in your own hands.

Francis. I would not do such a base thing. If I had meant to do that, I might as well have kept the whole bag. The Justice will decide between us.

Justice. Mr Gripe, you advertised that you had lost a bag of money containing £100. Now, here is Francis,

an honest man, well known to us all, who offers you a bag which you say is yours, and claims the promised reward. What have you to say?

Gripe. Mr Justice, allow me to point out to you that the bag I lost contained £105.

Justice. I understand you promised £5 to whoever brought you a lost bag containing £100. And now you offer only 10s., because you pretend that your bag contained £105. However, I shall count the money. [*He counts the money.*] This money is not yours, for there are only £100 here. It is a clear case. Francis, you will keep this money till the proper owner reclaims it.

Gripe. But, Mr Justice——

Justice. Silence, Mr Gripe! The matter is settled.

[*Write from dictation*]

The miser advertised his lost money, and promised a good reward; but when the treasure was found, he refused to pay it, and the bag containing his wealth justly became the property of the finder.

'LOOK ALOFT.'

An anecdote is told by Dr Godman of a ship-boy who was about to fall from the rigging, when he was saved by the mate's calling out: 'Look aloft, you lubber!'

1.

The ship-boy was clambering up the high mast,
When a glance on the deck far below him he cast;
His head swam with fear, and thick came his breath,
'Look aloft!' cried a sailor, and saved him from death.

2.

So do you, boy—since up life's rough hill you must go,
And see the steep precipice far down below,
Pause not to gaze over it, raise up your head,
'Look aloft, look aloft!' and in safety you'll tread.

3.

When you find in yourself some low petty desire,
Feel cowardly, weak, lacking strength to aspire;
Take a noble example, don't stand still and fret,
'Look aloft, boy, aloft!' you may grow to it yet.

4.

When, spite of all efforts, misfortune shall come,
Or sorrow shall darken your life or your home;
Raise your head and your heart with hope and with prayer,
'Look aloft, look aloft, boy!' no sorrow is there.

CROSSING AN AUSTRALIAN DESERT—

(Captain Spencer's Adventures continued.)

[*Spell and write*]

encircled, mechanically, fatigue, tolerable, difficult, proceeded, vegetation, deceitful, telescope.

The travellers were now encircled by a region of sand-ridges without a blade of grass, or a small animal for Gip's dinner, and, late at night, they sank down overcome with thirst and fatigue. In the night, Captain Spencer was restless and feverish, and almost mechanically rose to examine the linen outside the tent-covering; he drew one of the handkerchiefs to his mouth, sucked it,

and was refreshed. An ample supply of dew was afforded in the morning, and they all started in tolerable comfort. They mounted a ridge of sand which lay before them, and, to their great surprise, beheld a large sheet of water at their feet—not fresh water, however, as the deep blue of its colour too plainly shewed. It was fortunate that he did not know they had at least three hundred miles to go before they could get rid of that lake, and a terrific desert to cross on the way. Fresh water was the difficulty, as digging in the neighbourhood only produced brine.

Only when obliged to halt in consequence of the intense heat, did the travellers rest in the middle of the day. Whenever they came to a fresh sand-ridge, if not obliged to cross it, the captain mounted on the top, glass in hand, and on one occasion, far away to the west, he saw a belt of gum-trees.* They gladly left their route, and proceeded towards it, where the water and food afforded by the roots again saved the poor horse. It was easy to trace their way back by the marks of their footsteps, the soil being so salt, that it lay in shining crystals under their feet. The only vegetation was a plant like samphire, which Tiger at first eagerly cropped; but the sensible animal, finding it made him thirsty, soon refused to touch it, green and fresh as it looked.

Several days passed in this manner, and again Captain Spencer thought he saw a row of trees like the useful gum-trees. He rejoiced for poor Tiger's sake; but it was only a deceitful mirage, and soon all hope of them was gone. Worn out and foot-sore, he could scarcely unload the poor horse, who that night sank instantly upon the

* From the roots of these trees, when dug up and cut into pieces, water will run freely.

ground. He rubbed his legs, and succeeded in finding water enough to revive the poor beast.

After many days of this painful travelling, at the end of a long day's journey, Captain Spencer remarked that no birds, no trees, no living thing had been lately seen, for even the scrub had disappeared, and the horizon was bounded by some sand-hills, which appeared to lie directly in their path. 'Beyond these,' said he, 'is surely the head of the lake, and there we shall find something better.' Starting earlier than usual, and swallowing a mouthful from their now scanty stores, he gave the dumb beasts—for Charlie now asked for one or two dips of his bill—the last drop of water ere they started; Tiger, stiff and sore-footed. On they went, silently and slowly, and with difficulty did the poor horse ascend the hill, his master almost pushing him up the steepest parts. When they reached the top, the prospect did appal even the stout heart of the Englishman. Before them lay a large tract as wide as the eye could scan, the whole surface of which was covered with large and small stones, on which nothing grew, and near which nothing appeared to live. The sun scorched this sandy plain, and so heated the stones, that Tiger and Gip were almost afraid to put their feet down upon them. The often-repeated question, of what was to be done, again rose to Captain Spencer's lips. The telescope everywhere shewed the same thing—no water, but little food; no sign of an end to the sterile country before, behind, and all around them. If they went back, the traveller knew they must pass days without relief; if they went forward, he found it would be the same; and leaning his head upon Tiger's neck, the strong man was for a moment overcome. Gip inquired, by her

countenance, what was the matter, and Tiger stood patiently with his head bent towards the ground. But the faith and trust which had hitherto supported the English soldier were not wanting in this hour of need, and a silent and fervent prayer was lifted to Heaven for further aid. Then he started again, keeping by the horse's side, to cheer him with kind words and caresses. Miles were passed over, Tiger now and then stumbling over a stone larger than usual, and giving his owner cause to fear that he would fall and cut his knees. Then Gip came to a stand-still, whined, and lifted up one of her fore-feet to be looked at; and when her master examined it, he found all her paws were blistered and cut; she was of course lifted on his shoulders, and shewed her gratitude by licking the back of his neck.

[*Write from dictation*]

The poor traveller proceeded mechanically on his toilsome journey, through a country difficult to traverse, encircled by deceitful savages, and almost without vegetation. You will see that, despite his fatigue, he made tolerable progress.

CROSSING AN AUSTRALIAN DESERT—*Concluded.*

[*Spell and write*]

recollected, descended, minute, satisfied, embrace, motionless, revelled.

After many hours of toil, it seemed as if they could do no more; the sun was sinking, the horse could with difficulty drag his legs along—his master thought they must all lie down and die. Charlie had altogether disappeared, and it was to be hoped his wings had borne him

high enough to descry relief. Captain Spencer still tried to reach some distant ridge of bright red sand, but a dizziness came over his eyes; his head became confused, and he fell, with Tiger by his side, loaded as he was, prostrate on the sand.

The cool breeze at night awakened him; he took the now empty bags from Tiger, and altogether unloaded him. Then thick darkness seemed to come over him, and he lay down, thinking he should rise no more. After a while, Tiger dragged himself close to his master, put his nose on his shoulder, heaved a long sigh, a shudder ran through his frame, and he lay motionless. 'Dead, Tiger, my dear, faithful friend,' said his master, throwing his arm round him; 'this is almost too much to bear! Gip, are you gone too?' Gip uncurled herself, walked round poor Tiger, licked him, looked at her master, and again lay down.

In the morning, Captain Spencer rose, and loading himself with as much of poor Tiger's burden as he could carry, with Gip in her usual place, he prepared to start. He cast a look of agony on the beautiful, faithful creature, who had carried him so often, travelled with him so long, and more than once had saved his life; and tears coursed each other down his cheeks as he turned away. They crossed ridge after ridge, till Gip was unable to raise his head, and then her master, taking her in his arms, lay down, saying: 'We must follow poor Tiger!' He dozed, with visions of waterfalls, streams, and verdant plains crowding upon his sight and mind. He did not know how long he lay in that state, but it was morning when he opened his eyes, and recollected all that had happened. He was wet all over; everything about him was damp, and he was sure either a storm or

heavy dew had fallen; still he felt as if he could not raise his head, and he lay still for some time, when one of the beautiful pigeons of the country flew over his head at some little distance: she descended to the ground behind a sand-hill, stayed for half a minute, and then rose and went on her course. 'Bird of God,' he exclaimed, 'thou hast saved us!' Hope gave him fresh strength; he laid Gip on the ground, and crawled to the spot where the pigeon had alighted. He then beheld a large pool of water, with green grass, and some stunted box-trees growing round it. He seized a can, supported himself with a spear, dipped it in, took a long draught, and felt a new man; he was then strong enough to return to his companions. He poured some water down Gip's throat; she recovered, and, shaking herself, licked her master's hands. In the midst of his thankfulness, Captain Spencer dashed the tears from his eyes with the back of his hand, and exclaimed: 'Too late for my poor Tiger!'

Sitting down by the water, he stewed a piece of skin that was left, and, taking the bags, scraped them, turned out the corners, and beat them, by which means he obtained flour enough to make a small cake, which satisfied his hunger. He then fell asleep, with his head leaning on his knees; but he was shortly after awakened by his hat being suddenly lifted off his head; he started, looked round, and beheld his beloved horse standing close beside him, with his hat in his mouth, and Charlie on his back, who said: 'All right, Ned Spencer!' For a moment he thought he had lost his senses, and it was not really Tiger who stood there; but the next he dipped the can in the water, held it to the horse's mouth, and the needful cordial was quickly swallowed. He never could account for Tiger's coming to life again; but he

believed that the storm which had wetted him, had revived the poor animal, who then rose and followed his master. The warm embrace which followed, the noisy delight of Gip and Charlie, all told how welcome the lost one was to the whole party.

'If I am ever so hungry,' said Captain Spencer to himself, 'I will never destroy another pigeon.' In the evening they found abundance of food for Gip and his master. Tiger revelled in the grass, Charlie had plenty of insects, and they all became 'giants refreshed.'

[*Write from dictation.*]

At the very minute when all hope seemed lost, when the poor traveller was satisfied that his horse lay dead and motionless, he descended the hillside, discovered his master, and they all revelled in the green country, while the captain only recollected their past toils and dangers to rejoice in his present safety.

VANITY PUNISHED.*

Persons.

Mr Dawson.	Tom, *a little boy of the village.*
Mrs Dawson.	Mr Lester, *a friend.*
Phillip, *their son.*	John, *Mr Dawson's gardener.*

Scene.—A Room of Mr Dawson's House.

SCENE I.—Mr *and* Mrs Dawson.

Mr Dawson. My dear, do you see Phillip walking in the garden with his book in his hand? I am afraid it is

* The words in this dramatic piece are not very difficult. The most appropriate exercise in dictation will be a portion of the drama itself, in order that the pupil may be taught to write in proper form questions and answers.

rather from vanity than love of study that he is always so busy reading.

Mrs Dawson. What makes you think so?

Mr Dawson. Have you not observed that he is always looking first on one side, then on the other, to see if any one is noticing him?

Mrs Dawson. And yet his masters say he is very industrious, and very forward for his age.

Mr Dawson. I would rather a hundred times that he knew nothing, and were modest. An honest, modest, hard-working man is a much more worthy member of society, than one whose learning has turned his head. Here he comes.

SCENE II.—Mr Dawson, Phillip.

Phillip [*Pushing Tom away*]. No, let me alone; you are always disturbing me when I am reading, you stupid boy.

Mr Dawson. Why do you call him stupid?

Phillip. Because he knows nothing.

Mr Dawson. Nothing of what you have learned, but he could teach you many things you are ignorant of.

Phillip. I might teach him; but I do not see what he can teach me.

Mr Dawson. Suppose some day you should have an estate of your own, would you not have to learn the different kinds of trees and plants, the time of seed-sowing and harvest? Tom knows these already, and could teach them to you.

Phillip. But, papa, it would not become me to learn anything of such a common boy.

Mr Dawson. Why not, if he is able to teach you? He is active, intelligent, and a good boy; his family have

been our tenants for many generations, and I should be glad to see you and Tom as good friends as his father and I have always been. [*He goes out.*]

SCENE III.—PHILLIP *alone.*

Phillip. Yes, a pretty friend indeed! He teach me anything! Here he comes. I will so astonish him with my learning, that he will never dare speak to me again.

SCENE IV.—PHILLIP *and* TOM.

Tom. So you won't have my flowers, Master Phillip?

Phillip. Not I—the trumpery things!—there is not a tulip among them.

Tom. That 's true, for these are only wild-flowers; but they are pretty, and I thought you would like to have them, and to know their names.

Phillip. Very interesting, truly, to learn the name of weeds. You may take them where you found them.

Tom. I wish I had known it, for I got them on my way from work, by moonlight, when I was half-starved with hunger for my supper.

Phillip. You speak of the moon. Do you know how large it is?

Tom. Oh, my goodness! as large as a cheese.

Phillip. Oh, the ignorant little rustic! [*He walks up and down with a conceited air, while Tom stands staring at him.*] Look, this is a History of England; have you read it?

Tom. It is not in the catechism, and I never heard tell of it. Let me look at it.

Phillip. Don't venture to touch it with those ugly

hands. [*He takes hold of one.*] Where did you get these skin-gloves?

Tom. It is not a glove—it is my skin, Master Phillip.

Phillip. Why, it is coarse enough to tan for leather.

Tom. It is not idleness that has made it so. You talk fine, Master Phillip; but I would not change with you. Live and let live, I say; so I wish you good-day, sir.

SCENE V.—PHILLIP *alone.*

Phillip. I think he was making fun of me. But here come some visitors. I will look as if I were studying hard. [*He sits down, and pretends to read with much attention.*]

SCENE VI.—MR *and* MRS DAWSON, *with some friends.*

Mrs Dawson. Let us go on the hill and see the sunset. Phillip, will you come with us?

Phillip. No, thank you; I prefer reading. [*They go up the hill.*]

SCENE VII.

Phillip. There they go [*He puts his book in his pocket*]. I wonder what they thought of me. I wish I were a bird, and I would fly after them, and hear what they say. [*He walks about yawning.*] It is very dull here. They will soon be back. Suppose I were to go into the wood and hide, so that they could not find me. Mamma would send the servants with lanterns. They would talk of me all the evening. They would compare me to those great philosophers, who have lost their way from absence of mind. What a fuss there will be! Here I go! [*Runs into the wood.*]

SCENE VIII.—Mr *and* Mrs Dawson, *with their friends.*

Mr Dawson. What a delightful evening!

Mr Lester. Yes. Do you hear the nightingale—how sweetly he sings? Mrs Dawson, you seem uneasy.

Mrs Dawson. Because I do not see Phillip [*She calls him*]. Phillip! There is the gardener. John, have you seen Phillip?

John. Yes, ma'am; he went into the wood ten minutes ago.

Mrs Dawson. Into the wood? He may lose himself. Run, John, and look for him.

John. Yes, ma'am. [*He goes out.*]

Mr Lester. Do not be uneasy; we will go and look for him too.

Mrs Dawson. Oh, thank you!

Mr Dawson. Pray, do not trouble yourselves!

Mr Lester. We must indeed. [*The friends go to the wood.*]

SCENE IX.—Mr *and* Mrs Dawson.

Mrs Dawson. Why are you so careless about the boy, my dear?

Mr Dawson. Not because I love him less than you.

Mrs Dawson. Suppose he should not be found?

Mr Dawson. So much the better.

Mrs Dawson. What! Pass the night in the dark forest?

Mr Dawson. It would do you both good. It would cure him of his self-conceit, and you of the blind tenderness that encourages it. I am convinced he has only lost himself, that we might have the trouble of seeking him, and to give himself the appearance of learned abstraction!

Mrs Dawson. But only think——

Mr Dawson. I have thought. He is nearly eleven years old; if he has not intelligence enough, in this clear moonlight, to find by that, and the way the wind blows, his way out of the wood, he deserves to stay there.

Mrs Dawson. No, I cannot, cannot do it. I will go myself and seek him.

Mr Dawson. Well then, love, to make you happy, I will send little Tom to go and join him, as if by accident; but this is all I will allow. Phillip must not be deprived of the important lesson I mean to teach him!

SCENE X.—Mr *and* Mrs Dawson, Mr Lester, *and friends.*

Mr Lester. We have sought in vain. If you will let us have lights and servants——

Mr Dawson. No, gentlemen; you must listen to my wishes. Come indoors, and I will explain them to you. [*They go in.*]

SCENE XI.—Phillip, *in the middle of the forest.*

Phillip. What have I done? Miserable boy that I am! It is quite night, and I know not on which side to go. Papa! papa! No one answers. What will become of me? [*He begins to cry.*] Oh, mamma, where are you? There is something coming through the wood—if it should be a wolf. Help! help!

SCENE XII.—Phillip, Tom.

Tom. Who is there? What! you, Master Phillip? How came you here at this time of night?

Phillip. Oh, my dear Tom! My dear friend! I have lost my way.

Tom [*Looking at him with surprise, and then bursting out laughing*]. What are you thinking of, sir? I your dear Tom? Your dear friend? No; I am only an ugly common boy. Don't you remember? Leave go of my hand, it is only fit for leather!

Phillip. My dear Tom, forgive my rudeness, and for pity's sake lead me home!

Tom. Have you finished your book? Tell me how large the moon is just now!

Phillip [*Much ashamed*]. Pray, forgive me! I will never be rude to you again!

Tom. You see, Master Phillip, a little peasant may be good for something! But that you may know a common ugly boy bears no malice, I will stay with you all night; and in the morning I will take you home to your papa. You may have half my bedroom.

Phillip. Oh, my dear Tom!

Tom [*Lying down under a tree*]. Come, then, make yourself at home!

Phillip. But where is your bedroom?

Tom [*Striking the ground*]. Here it is! This is my bed—take your place: it is large enough for two.

Phillip. What! sleep here—under the open sky?

Tom. I assure you the king himself has not a finer place. Look at the large shining diamonds above your head! and there, our beautiful silver lamp! [*Pointing to the moon.*]

Phillip. But, my dear Tom, I am dying of hunger!

Tom. I will soon feed you! Look, here are some potatoes!

Phillip. But they are raw!

Tom. Make a fire, and cook them, then!

Phillip. How can I light it? And, besides, where am I to find coal and wood?

Tom. Do not your books teach you these things?

Phillip. O no, my dear Tom.

Tom. Well, then, I will shew you I know more than you with all your fine histories. [*Draws a flint from his pocket, and strikes a light.*] Chink, chink; there is a spark —now, you will see [*Picks up a handful of dry leaves and sets them alight*] we shall soon have a blaze [*Throws dried wood on the leaves, and when it has kindled, puts the potatoes by the fire, covering them with a little earth*]. There, that will keep them from burning [*He piles more and more wood on the fire, blowing it with his breath*]. Have you a better fire in the kitchen at home? they will soon be done.

Phillip. Ah, my dear Tom! how shall I ever reward you for all you do for me?

Tom. Out upon your rewards! must one be paid for doing a kindness? But wait a little. There is some hay in a field not far off. I will fetch some, and then you will sleep like a prince. Take care of the roast! [*He goes off singing.*]

SCENE XIII.—PHILLIP *alone.*

Phillip. Simpleton that I was to despise this boy! What am I compared to him? How small I feel in my own eyes, when I compare his conduct with mine! It shall never happen again! [*He goes to and fro, picking up dried sticks and putting them on the fire.*]

SCENE XIV.—PHILLIP *and* TOM *carrying two bundles of hay.*

Tom. Here you have a feather-bed, a mattress, and a quilt; I am going to make your bed.

Phillip. Thank you, Tom; I would help if I knew how.

Tom. I can do it alone, you go and warm yourself. [*He spreads one bundle of hay on the ground, and keeps the other for a covering.*] That is done, now for supper. [*He takes out a potato and feels it.*] They are done. Eat them while they are hot.

Phillip. But you must have some.

Tom. No, I am not hungry, and I like to see you eat them; are they good?

Phillip. Excellent.

Tom. Now, if you have done, here is your bed. [*Phillip lies down, and Tom spreads the rest of the hay over him, then takes off his own jacket.*] See, the nights are cold, put that over you too. If you are cold you must come to the fire. I will take care it does not go out.

Phillip. My dear Tom, I could cry to think how badly I have behaved to you.

Tom. Forget it as I have. We shall be awoke by the lark in the morning. [*Phillip goes to sleep, and Tom watches the fire.*]

SCENE XV.—Mr *and* Mrs Dawson, *in the House.*

Mrs Dawson. What a miserable night I have passed; some accident must have befallen him!

Mr Dawson. Be calm, my dear; I will go and look for him; but there is some one knocking at the door. Here he is!

SCENE XVI.—Mr *and* Mrs Dawson, Phillip, *and* Tom.

Mrs Dawson [*Running to Phillip*]. Ah, my darling! there you are at last.

Tom. Yes, madam; and a little improved perhaps since you lost him.

Mr Dawson. Is it so?

Phillip. Yes, papa. I have been punished for my conceit. What will you give to the friend who has cured me?

Mr Dawson. A good reward, with all my heart.

Phillip [*Taking Tom by the hand*]. Well, then, here he is.

Mr Dawson. I will give him a pension for life for curing you.

Mrs Dawson. And I will double it, because he took care of you.

Tom. If you pay me for the pleasure you have, I must pay you for that I feel, so we are all quits.

Mr Dawson. No, no, my little friend, that will not do. But now we will all go and breakfast together, and Phillip shall tell us his adventures. [*They go out, Phillip and Tom hand in hand.*]

WINTER.

1.

When icicles hang by the wall,
  And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
  And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl
                Tu-who;
Tu-whit, tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

2.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-who;
Tu-whit, tu-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

THE FOREST FIRE.

[Spell and write]

gradually, destroyed, grandeur, suffocate, sufficient, opposite, partially, managed, extinguished, texture, triumph, perished.

The huge forests of America and Canada are being gradually destroyed by the woodman's axe, and still more rapidly by the fires that break out in them and destroy the trees for many miles. These fires break out from different causes; sometimes lightning strikes a dry tree, sometimes a spark from a pipe falls on the dry grass, or a heap of brushwood being set on fire to clear it away, kindles the grass near, and the mischief is done. The undergrowth of the forest feeds the flames. They mount the fir-trees, which have turpentine in them and burn easily. The fire leaps from tree to tree; wild animals fly when they hear its roar. The poor backwoodsman leaves his home and fields, and carries off his wife and children to seek safety. As the fire passes on, it leaves behind it black smoking ground, with bare trunks like charcoal

rising up from it: a most dreary scene where lately all was green and fertile. No one who has not seen them can form an idea of the terrible grandeur of these fires. The clouds of smoke obscure the brightness of a noonday sun, and darken the country. They suffocate those whom they overtake with their hot breath; and to see their forked tongues leaping forward as if seeking more food, and to hear their roar as of a hungry monster calling for its prey, is to hear and see what will never be forgotten.

The best way to stop the fire is to set fire to some piece of land in front of it, that when it reaches it the flames may die out for want of food; but this is not easily done. The fire will dart across a wide space of clear ground, and begin burning on the other side before you are aware of it. A very broad river will sometimes stop it, but in other cases it has been known to cross over and burn for miles on the other side. One fire of this kind, some years ago, burned a hundred and forty miles of country on each side of a large river, and this fire was more than sixty miles in breadth. It is supposed that five hundred human beings lost their lives in it. One poor woodman had just built his log-hut, and was beginning to cut timber, when the fire broke out. He was told of it by some of his men who had passed through the wood to bring him food, but he thought nothing of it, till one of them, leaving the hut for a minute, came back hastily with the news that the fire was a bad one and within a mile of the hut. They instantly looked out, and as far as they could see, there was nothing but fire waving high above the forest. Its roar, like that of a huge furnace, was broken in upon from time to time by the crash of falling trees.

Not a moment was to be lost. Without staying to save anything, they ran to a small stream a little way off.

Some of them thought this would be a sufficient check to the flames, and so contented themselves with crossing it, and going a short distance down its opposite bank to a spot which they had partially cleared. The woodman, however, felt sure the fire would soon leap such a narrow stream, and resolved to stay in the water until the fearful enemy had passed by. He waded into it up to his shoulders, and stood under an overhanging bank to await his fate.

The flames advanced, burning up all before them, and filling the sky with a fearful glare. Their hot breath almost stifled the poor trembling man in the river. Another minute, and the trees overhead were alight, and he was obliged to plunge his head under water and keep it there as long as he could. When he was able once more to stand erect, the flames were still raging on before him, while behind were glowing trunks soon to die out for want of fuel. It was hours before he could leave his refuge with safety; but at last he managed to escape from the ruined neighbourhood. Happily, he had some food lying in a cellar which had not been injured, and this kept him from starving till he got beyond the blackened country. His companions were lost in the forest.

On one occasion a man's life was saved by one of these fires in a remarkable way. He had been riding about the prairie in search of a camp in which his comrades were expecting him, and had more than once lost his way. At last he came within sight of the camping-ground, and spurred his horse forward, pleased to think he should soon be among his friends.

No comrades were there to greet him; no living thing was to be seen. The dead body of an Indian lay across

the extinguished fire, and all around were the marks of a deadly struggle. It was evident that the camp had been attacked by the savages, and his friends had been carried off. He followed in their tracks, and about a mile off, coming to a rising-ground, he saw below a large party of Indians camped upon the plain. They saw him too, and he turned his horse's head, and rode for his life. To make matters worse, they were mounted on his friends' horses, which he well knew were as good as his own. He turned to the wood for shelter, and the savages came yelling behind him. His horse was already weary, and there was little chance of his escaping, until near at hand rising clouds of smoke told him that the forest was on fire. If he could dash through the flaming woods he was safe. No Indian would dare to follow him there. At once he spurred forward to meet the fire. The smoke half suffocated him. He sprang from his horse, tore up his blanket, bound one piece over his horse's eyes, and with the other loosely covered his own face. This he knew would keep out the thickest smoke, while its coarse texture let in air enough to sustain life for a short time. Thus muffled he mounted again, and as the warwhoop of his fierce enemies sounded nearer, he spurred his poor beast into the fire. Scorching, crackling, blazing as it was, he went through it for a few short moments of agony, and then found himself in the clear sweet air beyond. The blazing wood was passed, and tearing away their bandages, horse and rider were safe. Great was the triumph of the Indians as they saw them dash into the flame, for they felt sure both had perished. They were, indeed, half-dead with the heat and the thirst it created, but soon they reached a river,

and horse and rider both plunged gladly into its cool waters.

[*Write from dictation*]

It is impossible for any one who has not seen these fires to form a sufficient idea of their grandeur, and it is difficult to see them and not run the risk of being suffocated. After they are extinguished—that is, when all that can feed the flames has perished, it is sad to see the vast woods wholly or partially destroyed; the aspect of the whole country changed to blackness, the triumph of ruin where lately the farmer's crops were springing up to life.

THE PLOUGH.

A Song.

1.

The teams are waiting in the field,
The ploughmen in a row,
As brisk and gay as birds in May,
They make a goodly show.
The farmer stands and sees all hands
Turned out and ready now;
Yet ere they start, with all our heart,
We'll say: 'God-speed the plough.'

2.

We till the field, but He must yield
The sunshine and the rains;
In hope we plough, in hope we sow,
That He may bless our pains.
With willing mind and ready hand
Away to labour go!
Bear even weight, make furrow straight,
But say: 'God-speed the plough!'

THE SAILOR.

1.

Thou that hast a daughter
For one to woo and wed,
Give her to a husband
With snow upon his head:
Oh, give her to an old man,
Though little joy it be,
Before the best young sailor
That sails upon the sea!

2.

How luckless is the sailor
When sick and like to die,
He sees no tender mother,
No sweetheart standing by!
Only the captain speaks to him:
'Stand up, stand up, young man,
And steer the ship to haven,
As none beside thee can.'

3.

Thou say'st to me: 'Stand up, stand up!'
I say to thee, 'Take hold,
Lift me a little from the deck,
My hands and feet are cold.
And let my head, I pray thee,
With handkerchiefs be bound:
There, take my love's gold handkerchief,
And tie it tightly round.

4.

'Now bring the chart, the doleful chart;
See where these mountains meet—
The clouds are thick around their head,
The mists around their feet:
Cast anchor here; 'tis deep and safe
Within the rocky cleft;
The little anchor on the right,
The great one on the left.

5.

'And now to thee, O captain,
Most earnestly I pray,
That they may never bury me
In church or cloister gray;
But on the windy sea-beach,
At the ending of the land—
All on the surfy sea-beach,
Deep down into the sand.

6.

'For there will come the sailors,
Their voices I shall hear,
And at casting of the anchor
The yo-ho loud and clear;
And at hauling of the anchor
The yo-ho and the cheer—
Farewell, my love, for to thy bay
I never more may steer!'

END OF PART FIRST.

PART SECOND.

OLD WORLD STORIES.

IÔ AND PROMETHEUS.

[*Spell and write*]

heifer, answered, vengeance, messenger, tortured, desolate, wilderness, tormented, merciless, journey, generations, majesty, wreathed.

In the halls of Inachos, king of Argos, Zeus beheld and loved the fair maiden Iô; but when Hêrê the queen knew it, she was very wroth, and sought to slay her. Then Zeus changed the maiden into a heifer, to save her from the anger of Hêrê; but presently Hêrê learned that the heifer was the maiden whom she hated, and she went to Zeus and said: 'Give me that which I shall desire;' and Zeus answered, 'Say on;' then Hêrê said, 'Give me the beautiful heifer which I see feeding in the pastures of King Inachos.' So Zeus granted her prayer, for he liked not to confess what he had done to Iô, to save her from the wrath of Hêrê; and Hêrê took the heifer, and bade Argus with the hundred eyes watch over it by night and by day.

Long time Zeus sought how he might deliver the maiden from the vengeance of Hêrê, but he strove in vain, for Argus never slept, and his hundred eyes saw everything around him, and none could approach

without being seen and slain. At the last, Zeus sent Hermes, the bright messenger of the gods, who stole gently towards Argus, playing soft music on his lute. Soothingly the sweet sounds fell upon his ear, and a deep sleep began to weigh down his eyelids, until Argus with the hundred eyes lay powerless before Hermes. Then Hermes drew his sharp sword, and with a single stroke he smote off his head, wherefore men call him the slayer of Argus with the hundred eyes. But the wrath of Hêrê was fiercer than ever, when she learned that her watchman was slain, and she swore that the heifer should have no rest, but wander in terror and pain from land to land. So she sent a gadfly to goad the heifer with its fiery sting over hill and valley, across sea and river—to torment her if she lay down to rest, and madden her with pain when she sought to sleep. In grief and madness she fled from the pastures of Inachos into the land of Cadmus the Theban. On and on still she went, resting not by night or day, until at last she came to the wild Thracian land. Her feet bled on the sharp stones; her body was torn by the thorns and brambles, and tortured by the stings of the fearful gadfly. Still she fled on and on, while the tears streamed often down her cheeks, and her moaning shewed the greatness of her agony. 'O Zeus,' she said, 'dost thou not see me in my misery? Thou didst tell me once of thy love; and dost thou suffer me now to be driven thus wildly from land to land, without hope of comfort or rest? Slay me at once, I pray thee, or suffer me to sink into the deep sea, that so I may put off the sore burden of my woes.'

But Iô knew not that while she spake, one heard her who had suffered even harder things from Zeus. Far

above her head, towards the desolate crags of Caucasus, the wild eagle soared, shrieking in the sky, and the vulture hovered near, as though waiting close to some dying man, till death should leave him for its prey. Dark snow-clouds brooded heavily on the mountain, the icy wind crept lazily through the frozen air, and Iô thought that the hour of her death was come. Then, as she raised her head, she saw far off a giant form, which seemed fastened by nails to the naked rock; and a low groan reached her ear as of one in mortal pain, and she heard a voice which said: 'Whence comest thou, daughter of Inachos, into this savage wilderness? Hath the love of Zeus driven thee thus to the icy corners of the earth?' Then Iô gazed at him in wonder and awe, and said: 'How dost thou know my name and my sorrows—and what is thine own wrong? Tell me—if it is given thee to know—what awaits thee and me in the time to come, for sure I am that thou art no mortal man. Thy giant form is as the form of gods or heroes, who come down sometimes to mingle with the sons of men; and great must be the wrath of Zeus, that thou shouldst be thus tormented here.' Then he said: 'Oh, maiden, thou seest the Titan Prometheus who brought down fire for the children of men, and taught them how to build themselves houses, and till the earth, and how to win for themselves food and clothing. I gave them wise thoughts, and good laws, and prudent counsel, and raised them from the life of beasts to a life that was fit for speaking men. But the son of Cronos was afraid at my doings, lest with the aid of men I might hurl him from his place, and set up new gods upon his throne. So he forgot all my good deeds in time past—how I had aided him when the earth-

born giants sought to destroy his power, and heaped rock on rock, and crag on crag, to smite him on his throne; and he caught me by craft, telling me in smooth words how that he was my friend, and that my honour should not fail in the hands of Olympus. So he took me unawares, and bound me with iron chains, and bade Hephæstos take and fasten me to this mountain-side, where the frost and heat scorch and torment me by day and night, and the vulture gnaws my heart with its merciless beak. But my spirit is not wholly cast down, for I know that I have done good to the sons of men, and that they honour the Titan Prometheus who has saved them from cold, and hunger, and sickness. And well I know, also, that the reign of Zeus shall one day come to an end, and that another shall sit at length upon his throne, even as now he sits on the throne of his father Cronos. Hither come, also, those who seek to comfort me; and thou seest before thee the daughters of Okeanos, who have but now arrived to talk with me from the green walls of their father. Listen, then, to me, O daughter of Inachos, and I will tell thee what shall befall thee in time to come. Hence, from the ice-bound chain of Caucasus, thou shalt roam into the Scythian land, and the regions of the Chalybes. Thence thou shalt come to the dwelling-place of the Amazons, on the banks of the river Thermodon; these shall guide thee on thy way, until at length thou shalt come to a strait, which thou wilt cross, and which shall tell by its name for ever, where the heifer passed from Europe into Asia. But the end of thy wandering is not yet.' Then Iô could no longer repress her grief, and her tears burst forth afresh; and Prometheus said: 'O daughter of Inachos, if thou

sorrowest thus at what I have told thee, how wilt thou bear to hear what beyond these things there remains for thee to do?' But Iô said: 'Of what use is it, O Titan, to tell me of these woful wanderings? Better were it now to die, and be at rest from all this misery and sorrow.' 'Nay, not so, O maiden of Argos,' said Prometheus: 'for if thou livest, the days will come when Zeus shall be cast down from his throne, and the end of his reign shall also be the end of my sufferings. For when thou hast passed by the Thracian Bosphorus into the land of Asia, thou wilt wander on through many regions, until at last thou shalt come to the three-cornered land, where the mighty Nile goes out by its many arms into the sea. There shall be thy resting-place, and there shall thy son be born, from whom, in times yet far away, shall spring the great Hercules, who shall break my chain, and set me free from my long torments. And if in this thou doubtest my words, I can tell thee of every land through which thou hast passed on thy journey hither, but it is enough if I tell thee how the speaking oaks of Dodona hailed thee as one day to be the wife of Zeus, and the mother of the mighty. Hasten, then, on thy way, O daughter of Inachos. Long years of pain and sorrow await thee still, but my grief shall endure for many generations. It avails not now to weep, but this comfort thou hast, that thy lot is happier than mine, and for both of us remains the surety that the right shall at last conquer, and the power of Zeus shall be brought low, even as the power of Cronos, whom he hurled from his ancient throne. Depart hence quickly, for I see Hermes the messenger drawing nigh, and perchance he comes with fresh torments for thee and me.'

So Iô went on her weary road, and Hermes drew nigh to Prometheus, and bade him once again yield himself to the mighty Zeus. But Prometheus laughed him to scorn, and as Hermes turned to go away, the icy wind came shrieking through the air, and the dark cloud sank lower and lower down the hillside, until it covered the rock on which the body of the Titan was nailed; and the great mountain heaved with the earthquake, and the blazing thunderbolts darted fearfully through the sky. Brighter and brighter flashed the lightning, and louder pealed the thunder in the ears of Prometheus, but he quailed not for all the fiery majesty of Zeus; and still as the storm grew fiercer, and the curls of fire were wreathed around his form, his voice was heard amid the din and roar, and it spake of the day when the good shall triumph, and unjust power shall be crushed and destroyed for ever.

[*Write from dictation*]

This is a strange desolate picture from an Old World poet, at a time when the gods of the heathen were believed merciless in their vengeance, and their messengers tortured and tormented the victims of their wrath. The majesty with which Prometheus, chained to his rock for many generations, answered the poor heifer, has been a subject for poets ancient and modern.

THE REDBREAST CHASING THE BUTTERFLY.

Art thou the bird whom man loves best,
The pious bird with the scarlet breast,
Our little English robin?
The bird that comes about our doors
When autumn winds are sobbing?
Art thou the Peter of Norway boors?

Their Thomas in Finland,
And Russia far inland?
The bird, that by some name or other
All men who know thee call their brother:
The darling of children and men?
Could father Adam open his eyes,
And see this sight beneath the skies,
He'd wish to close them again.
If the butterfly knew but his friend,
Hither his flight he would bend;
And find his way to me,
Under the branches of the tree.
In and out, he darts about;
Can this be the bird to man so good,
That after their bewildering,
Covered with leaves the little children,
So painfully in the wood?
What ailed thee, robin, that thou couldst pursue
A beautiful creature,
That is gentle by nature
Beneath the summer sky?
From flower to flower let him fly;
'Tis all that he wishes to do.
The cheerer, thou, of our indoor sadness,
He is the friend of our summer gladness:
What hinders, then, that ye should be
Playmates in the sunny weather,
And fly about in the air together?
His beautiful wings in crimson are dressed,
A crimson as bright as thine own:
Wouldst thou be happy in thy nest,
Oh, pious bird! whom man loves best,
Love him, or leave him alone!

THE AUSTRALIAN SHEPHERD'S STORY.

[Spell and write]

peculiarities, solitary, actually, piteous, surrounded, impossible, continued, horizontal, persuade, inhabitants.

'When we first came up into the bush, we were like thousands of others: we knew nothing whatever of the country, or of its peculiarities. We came in the summer, and saw that all was dry and burned up. We saw, occasionally, a little brook that we could stride over, winding down the valley between deep banks, or a solitary waterfall, here and there. Here we built on a slight elevation, and a hundred yards or more from the creek.

'Well, all went on very well during the summer, but one day in autumn there came a regular drenching rain. In the evening as I looked out, I could see the creek actually running bank-full. "If there is much more of this," I said, "the creek will be over its banks before morning." But little did I then know of the sudden rise of these streams after rain. There had very likely been much rain up amongst the hills where this creek took its rise, before it began to rain here. Be that as it may, however, about midnight my wife awoke me, saying: "Micky, what makes the sheep bleat so?"

'I had camped them, about two thousand in number, on that swell there in the bend of the creek, as a dry place from its elevation. I listened, and sure enough there was a piteous bleating amongst the sheep. I listened a moment longer, for I thought I heard a rushing sound as of a stream, and at once it occurred to me that the creek was out.

"Oh!" I exclaimed; "it is water! There is a flood!"

I sprang out of bed: splash I went up to the knees in cold water.

"What on earth is that, Micky?" cried my wife.

"Water, wife! water it is, up to the very bed-stock. God help us! but we must look out pretty quickly."

"Oh my child!" screamed out my wife. "Where is the cradle—where is it?"

"Here it is," I said; "floating out of the door." For I had opened the door, and there was, in reality, the wooden cradle, rushing out on the top of the eddying stream. My wife had sprung out of bed, and had seized the cradle, with which she was hastening out of doors.

"Take care, wife," I cried; "what you are about. Give me the cradle, and follow me close round the house-corner to the back, for if you go a few steps only forward in the front, you may be carried away by the flood."

"But the other children, Micky, the other children—they will all be drowned!"

"I hope not," I said. "I'll fetch them; but first let us see how we can get out in the dark, and how far it is to dry land."

'My wife came close behind me. It was pitch-dark, was still raining very hard, and we had to wade some distance before we were out of the water. "Here we are, Molly," said I at length, reaching yon huge old tree. "Here do you stay with the child, while I go and fetch out the others." But my wife would not stay behind; she thought some of the children would be drowned, so she set down the child in the cradle by the tree-root, and taking hold of my coat-laps, followed my steps through the roaring, rushing waters, towards the hut. We found the children fast asleep—there were three of

them—though the beds were beginning to swim on the water in the room. I seized two, and my wife the third, and we made our way back again to the tree. "Molly," I exclaimed, "listen to those poor sheep! I'll lay anything they are surrounded on the mound by the flood, and it is so pitch-dark it is impossible to see them. What shall I do? Hearken," I added, "we must have a fire. We must have something to light it with, and what? All is wet here, and wet in the hut, too. What must we do?"

'My wife at once thought of an old box on a shelf, containing sundries of little value. That we fetched out; and splitting it up, soon got a good blazing fire. By its light, I could see a sight that made my heart ache. It was the whole flock crowded together on the mound, and totally surrounded by the waters that were now rushing along all muddy, and dashed with floating heaps of foam, and bearing along whole loads of dead-timber.

"What can be done?" I exclaimed in agony. "The whole flock will be drowned if the flood rises higher. Molly," says I, "I must run for Gryce"—that was another shepherd, living in another hut a few hundred yards further down. "Meantime, get what you can out of the hut; but take care to keep close round the house-corner, or you may be carried off."

'Away I ran for Gryce. When I reached near to where his hut was, I could hear wild screams, and a mingled clamour of voices. The waters were all out round the hut; and it was only by shouting with all my might, that I could make them hear me, they were making such outcries themselves.

"Gryce!" I shouted, "Gryce! here, man, here; the sheep are all drowning! Come, make haste."

"The sheep!" replied Gryce; "don't you hear that my family is drowning?"

"Drowning! Where are they? Where is the hut, for I can't see it?"

"No, nor any one else, for the flood has swept it clean away. It is all gone to pieces, and is washed down the stream. Come on, and help me to save my family."

'I pushed on boldly towards where I heard Gryce's voice; the other voices were now silent, except some low cries and whimperings, for they thought that help was coming. "Where are you, Gryce?" I continued to call, as I waded on till I was up to the middle; and he continued to repeat: "Here, here!"

'What a sight it was, when I got up to him! The hut was clean swept away, and everything in it, and the wife and two children were somewhere—I could not see where—but it seemed over my head, now again crying: "Oh dear, Mr Micky, help us! for mercy's sake, save us!"

"Where are you?" I cried in wonder; "where are you?"

"There! there!" said Gryce, pointing into a great gum-tree. And sure enough, there I saw several figures in white, clinging to a large horizontal branch.

"How," I exclaimed, "how did your wife and children get there, Gryce?"

"Get there!" cried the poor man, half frantic; "why, they got first upon the top of the hut, but they very soon felt it going over; and on it swam, till it dashed against this tree, and they luckily seized on that great branch, and so saved themselves."

"Come down," said I, "and we will carry you out to our fire."

"But how?" cried the poor things; "how? It is too

far to jump down; and there is no other way, unless we had a rope or a ladder."

"Then stay there a bit," I cried; "you are safe. We will bring you a rope at all events. But first, Gryce, we must see what we can do for the sheep, or they will all be lost."

"Sheep!" cried Gryce. "What care I for the sheep; and you see where my family is?"

"Yes; but I see that they are safe for the present, and the sheep are not. Come along." But it was no easy matter to get Gryce away, or to persuade the inhabitants of the tree to let him go.

"Take us away with you!" they screamed. "Take us along with you! We won't be left."

"With all my heart," I said, "if you will only tell me how to come at you. Jump down, Mrs Gryce, and I'll catch you!"

'But Mrs Gryce only answered by a scream of horror, and said: "No, not for all the world! I should certainly be drowned."

'As it was in vain to get them away, I persuaded Gryce —if it was only for a moment—to come and see if we could not save some of our master's property. We waded away again towards the light of our fire. We found my wife and our two lads bravely fetching away everything they could out of our hut. The wife brought them out of the hut, and carried them as far as to where the water was shallow enough to allow the lads to move, and thus they carried the things out. Gryce and I waded onward towards the bleating flock. There was a hollow to pass between us and the mound, and the water there was already up to our chests.

"We must make haste, James Gryce," I said, "or we

shall be too late. If we can push a few sheep across, the rest may swim after them. But in a few minutes, if the creek rises still, this hollow will be too deep for us to wade, and neither of us, unluckily, are swimmers."'

[*Write from dictation*]

Any one who wishes to emigrate, should try to make himself actually acquainted with the peculiarities of the country and its inhabitants. He should try to imagine his solitary dwelling—no inhabitants between him and the horizon far away; while around him, there may be tracts of land impassable for many months of the year, owing to continued floods; and though a knowledge of these truths will not persuade him to remain at home, if he is brave and strong, they may prevent him, if he is neither the one nor the other, from making a piteous blunder.

THE AUSTRALIAN SHEPHERD'S STORY—*Concluded.*

[*Spell and write*]

heartrending, destruction, desperately, determined, terrific, indescribable, increased, astonishment, anxiety, stationary, solemnity, experience, scheming, alluvial, jeopardy, miserable, agile, predicament, courageous, rheumatism, attributed, exposure.

'We came up now with the outer ranks of the flock, which was closely crouched together, with the water up to the throats of those on the outside. We seized the first we came at, and pushing them into the stream with their heads towards the land, after one or two attempts to come back again, which we prevented, they swam right off. So far so good. We continued to push one after another, but few were bold enough to follow of their own accord; others came back, spite of all our efforts; and others

were too weak to battle with the current, and were swept down the stream, making the most lamentable bleatings. In fact, the whole flock kept up a most dismal and heart-rending clamour of bleating. I was almost beside myself. Such a splendid flock to be at the very brink of destruction; and yet most of them might be saved, if they would only follow over those that we sent across.

'While I was desperately tugging at them, and forcing them into the stream, there came floating a large branch of a tree, full of leaves, and swept several away with it. At the same time, Gryce screamed out: "Micky! Micky! I am drowning—help! help!"

'The great bough had pushed him back into the hollow, and there he sunk overhead. He was now beyond his depth. In trying to lay hold of him, I myself went down too. But at the same moment, I had caught hold on Gryce, and instinctively I pushed him, as I had pushed the sheep, landward. I could see him floating, or rather floundering forward, and I made a desperate plunge after him. The water was still over my head, and running at a terrific rate. I began to think all was over, but I determined not to yield without a struggle. As I felt pretty certain that my face was towards the land, I still waded onward, though fast choking; and anon had the indescribable pleasure of feeling firm ground, and yet with my nostrils above water. At the same moment, I again caught sight of Gryce, just by me, with his arms extended out of the water. I seized a hand, and dragged him along with me. Presently, we were high enough to pause and get our breath. The water was now only up to our chests. But what a situation!

* * * * *

'My heart pulled in two as it were; for, on the one hand, I heard numbers of sheep going down the flood, bleating in vain for help; and, on the other, I thought of the poor family of Gryce in the tree, and no means of coming at them.

* * * * *

'At length it began to dawn; the light rapidly increased; and I saw to my astonishment that only the head of one solitary sheep was visible upon the mound! There it stood, on the very centre of the mound—all the rest were gone! If the waters rose, that would go too.

'With what anxiety did I watch the waters, whether they advanced or receded! I stuck down a stick into the edge of the flood. It at least appeared stationary. "There!" I cried, "the flood is at its height; and in this country, I have heard that floods fall as rapidly as they rise."

'My wife said solemnly: "Pray God!" Gryce sat and said nothing. I still watched the flood with eyes that seemed to strain themselves in their sockets; and I soon saw that which made me clap my hands, and exclaim: "It sinks! it falls!" All rushed to the stick to see, and all cried joyfully: "Yes! yes! it is so!"

'New hope sprung up. In a few hours at furthest, we could get to the tree to rescue the sufferers. In my joy, I rushed into the waters, and got so far, that I could make them hear the news, and bade them take courage and hold on fast, and we would reach them at the earliest possible moment. But how slowly did the flood sink! how slowly seemed to creep on the hours! Never did I experience such a forenoon; it seemed as if the sun once

more had stopped at the command of some mighty enemy.

'Meanwhile, I busied myself with scheming how we might make a raft to sail to the sufferers in the tree. We could not get boards, but we could get bark, so we set to work—tied together four poles with some strips of sacking that we cut up for the purpose, laid other poles over them, and then peeled off some large sheets of stringy bark, and, with each a pole for a boat-hook, set sail. It was all very well so long as we could reach the bottom with our poles; but when we came to the hollow between the alluvial mound and the mainland, there we were out of reach of the bottom, and our raft whirled about, and darted off at the mercy of the stream. It was a moment of horror! We were in the utmost jeopardy. There appeared nothing for it but our being carried on, dragged by the current into the main stream, and speedily dashed against some tree and sunk.

"Heaven have mercy upon us!" I cried; "now we are likely to perish in earnest in trying to save your family, James!" He sat holding his pole like a man stupified.

"Rouse yourself, man!" I cried; "don't be lost without a struggle. See! there is the tree on which your family is, right before us, some way down the stream; let us steer the raft for it." He rose up, and, after many vain attempts, we managed to run the raft so that we came slap into the branches at the end of the huge horizontal bough, on which sat those miserable and starving creatures.

"Now for it, James!" I cried; "seize fast hold, and sling yourself up upon the bough; it is your only chance." I did this at the same moment, and was just

in time to give James a hand, for he was not quite so agile as I was, and hanging more like a scarecrow than he had represented each member of his family to be. With a little struggling, there we were, now seated astride of the same bough on which were those wretched females. The raft and our poles were carried away, and we were thus locked up in the same predicament that they were. But the poor creatures, who had been all night there, with only their night-dresses on, were almost fainting with cold and terror. I pulled off my thick coat, and gave it to the mother; Gryce did the same to one of his daughters, and I gave a waistcoat to the other. At the same time, I bade them be courageous, for the flood was going down, and in a while we should be able to get them off. But hours went on before we could venture to try the depth of the water. I managed to cut a branch with my knife, and going downwards to the end of the great bough, hung from it, and poked the stick into the water, to seek for bottom. At length I was persuaded that I could reach it if I dropped off, so I committed myself to Providence, and down I dropped from the endmost branches.

"All right!" I sung out joyfully. I alighted on *terra firma!* The water was only up to my chest. With some difficulty I got James Gryce to do the same, and with much more difficulty persuaded the wife and daughters to follow our example.

* * * * .

'One after the other I carried them out, and had them put into warm blankets beside their mother.

* * * *

'To shorten a long story, James Gryce's wife and daughters were gradually restored, though the old woman

ever afterwards to complain of aches and rheumat-
which she attributed to her exposure for about
ty hours on the tree.

* * * *

You may be sure that we never ventured in that less hut again, but built another in the paddock ear the chief station, where you will see it.'

[*Write from dictation*]

must have been heartrending for the poor shepherd to see errific jeopardy in which his family and sheep were placed, able at being compelled to remain stationary, suffering cribable anxiety, desperately determined to save them, if ble. All his agile and courageous efforts, together with his ience, could not prevent the destruction of the sheep, though d cause to return thanks with solemnity for the safety of ife and children.

THE FOUNTAIN.

1.

Into the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night!

2.

Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow!

3.

Into the starlight,
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day!

4.

Ever in motion,
  Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
  Never aweary;

5.

Glad of all weathers,
  Still seeming best,
Upward or downward
  Motion thy rest;

6.

Full of a nature
  Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
  Ever the same;

7.

Ceaseless aspiring,
  Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
  Thy element;

8.

Glorious fountain!
  Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
  Upward like thee!

ALICE FELL; OR, POVERTY.

1.

The post-boy drove with fierce career,
For threatening clouds the moon had drowned;
When, as we hurried on, my ear
Was smitten with a startling sound.

2.

As if the wind blew many ways,
I heard the sound—and more and more;
It seemed to follow with the chaise,
And still I heard it as before.

3.

At length I to the boy called out;
He stopped his horses at the word,
But neither cry, nor voice, nor shout,
Nor aught else like it, could be heard.

The boy then smacked his whip, and fast
The horses scampered through the rain;
But hearing soon upon the blast
The cry, I made him halt again.

5.

Forthwith alighting on the ground,
'Whence comes,' said I, 'that piteous moan?'
And there a little girl I found,
Sitting behind the chaise alone!

6.

'My cloak!' no other word she spake,
But loud and bitterly she wept,
As if her innocent heart would break;
And down from off her seat she leaped.

7.

'What ails you, child?'—she sobbed, 'Look here!'
I saw it in the wheel entangled,
A weather-beaten rag as e'er
From any garden scarecrow dangled.

8.

There, twisted between nave and spoke,
It hung, nor could at once be freed;
But our joint pains unloosed the cloak—
A miserable rag indeed!

9.

'And whither are you going, child,
To-night, along these lonesome ways?'
'To Durham,' answered she, half wild—
'Then come with me into the chaise.'

10.

Insensible to all relief
Sat the poor girl, and forth did send
Sob after sob, as if her grief
Could never, never have an end.

11.

'My child, in Durham do you dwell?'
She checked herself in her distress,
And said: 'My name is Alice Fell;
I'm fatherless and motherless.

12.

'And I to Durham, sir, belong.'
Again, as if the thought would choke
Her very heart, her grief grew strong;
And all was for her tattered cloak!

13.

The chaise drove on; our journey's end
Was nigh; and, sitting by my side,
As if she had lost her only friend,
She wept, nor would be pacified.

14.

Up to the tavern door we post;
Of Alice and her grief I told;
And I gave money to the host,
To buy a new cloak for the old:

15.

'And let it be of duffel gray,
As warm a cloak as man can sell!'
Proud creature was she the next day,
The little orphan, Alice Fell!

BOOTS AND HIS BROTHERS.*

Once on a time there was a man who had three sons —Peter, Paul, and John. John was Boots, of course, because he was the youngest. I can't say the man had anything more than these three sons, for he hadn't one penny to rub against another; so he told his sons over and over again they must go out into the world and try to earn their bread, for there at home there was nothing to be looked for but starving to death.

Now, a bit off the man's cottage was the king's palace; and, you must know, just against the king's windows a

* This lesson is so easy, that spelling and dictation lessons are superfluous.

great oak had sprung up, which was so stout and big, that it took away all the light from the king's palace. The king had said he would give many, many dollars to the man who could fell the oak; but no one was man enough for that, for as soon as ever one chip of the oak's trunk flew off, two grew in its stead. A well, too, the king wanted dug, which was to hold water for the whole year; for all his neighbours had wells, but he hadn't any, and that he thought a shame. So the king said he would give any one who would dig him such a well as would hold water all the year round, both money and goods; but no one could do it, for the king's palace lay high up on a hill, and they hadn't dug a few inches, before they came upon the living rock.

But as the king had set his heart on having these two things done, he had it given out, far and wide, in all the churches of his kingdom, that he who could fell the big oak in the king's courtyard, and get him a well that would hold water the whole year round, should have the princess and half the kingdom. Well, you may easily know there was many a man who came to try his luck; but for all their hacking and hewing, and all their digging and delving, it was no good. The oak got bigger and stouter at every stroke, and the rock didn't get softer either. So one day these three brethren thought they'd set off and try too, and their father hadn't a word against it; for even if they didn't get the princess and half the kingdom, it might happen they might get a place somewhere with a good master, and that was all he wanted. So, when the brothers said they thought of going to the palace, their father said: 'Yes,' at once. So Peter, Paul, and Jack went off from their home.

Well, they hadn't gone far before they came to a

fir-wood, and up along one side of it rose a steep hillside; and as they went, they heard something hewing and hacking away up on the hill among the trees.

'I wonder, now, what it is that is hewing away up yonder?' said Jack.

'You're always so clever with your wonderings!' said Peter and Paul both at once. 'What wonder is it, pray, that a wood-cutter should stand and hack up on a hillside?'

'Still, I should like to see what it is, after all,' said Jack, and up he went.

'Oh, if you are such a child, it will do you good to go and take a lesson!' bawled out his brothers after him.

But Jack did not care for what they said; he climbed the steep hillside towards where the noise came, and when he reached the place, what do you think he saw? Why, an axe that stood there hacking and hewing all of itself, at the trunk of a tree.

'Good-day!' said Jack. 'So you stand here all alone and hew, do you?'

'Yes; here I've stood and hewed and hacked a long, long time, waiting for you!' said the axe.

'Well, here I am at last,' said Jack, as he pulled off its haft, and stuffed both head and haft into his wallet.

So when he got down again to his brothers, they began to jeer and laugh at him.

'And now, what funny thing was it you saw up yonder on the hillside?' they said.

'Oh, it was only an axe we heard,' said Jack.

So when they had gone a bit further, they came under a steep spur of rock, and up there they heard something digging and shovelling.

'I wonder, now,' said Jack, 'what it is that is digging and shovelling up yonder, at the top of the rock?'

'Ah! you're always so clever with your wonderings!' said Peter and Paul again; 'as if you'd never heard a woodpecker hacking and pecking at a hollow tree!'

'Well, well,' said Jack; 'I think it would be a piece of fun just to see what it really is.'

And so off he set to climb the rock, while the others laughed and made game of him. But he didn't care a bit for that; up he climbed, and when he got near the top, what do you think he saw? Why, a spade that stood there digging and delving!

'Good-day!' said Jack. 'So you stand here all alone and dig and delve?'

'Yes, that is what I do,' said the spade, 'and that is what I have done this many a long day, waiting for you!'

'Well, here I am!' said Jack again, as he took the spade and knocked it off its handle, and put it into his wallet, and then he went down again to his brothers.

'Well, what was it so rare and strange,' said Peter and Paul, 'that you saw up there at the top of the rock?'

'Oh,' said Jack, 'nothing more than a spade, that was what we heard!'

So they went on again, a good bit, till they came to a brook. They were thirsty, all three, after their long walk, and so they lay down beside the brook to have a drink.

'I wonder, now,' said Jack, 'where all this water comes from!'

'I wonder if you are right in your head!' said Peter and Paul in one breath. 'If you are not mad already, you will go mad very soon with your wonderings. Where

the brook comes from, indeed! Have you never heard how water rises from a spring in the earth?'

'Yes; but still I have a great fancy to see where this brook comes from!' said Jack.

So up alongside the brook he went, in spite of all that his brothers bawled after him. Nothing could stop him. On he went. As he went up, and up, the brook got smaller and smaller; and at last, a little way further on, what do you think he saw? Why, a great walnut, and out of that the water trickled!

'Good-day!' said Jack again. 'So you lie here, and trickle and run down all alone!'

'Yes I do,' said the walnut; 'and here have I trickled and run this many a long day, waiting for you!'

'Well, here I am!' said Jack, as he took up a lump of moss and plugged up the hole, that the water might not run out. Then he put the walnut into his wallet, and ran down to his brothers.

'Well, now,' said Peter and Paul, 'have you found out where the water comes from? A rare sight it must have been.'

'Oh, after all, it was only a hole it ran out of!' said Jack. And so the others laughed, and made game of him again; but Jack didn't mind that a bit. 'After all, I had the fun of seeing it,' said Jack.

So, when they had gone a bit further, they came to the king's palace; but as every one in the kingdom had heard how they might win the princess and half the realm, if they could only fell the big oak and dig the king's well, so many had come to try their luck, that the oak was now twice as stout and big as it had been at first, for two chips grew for every one they hewed out with their axes, as I daresay you all bear in mind. Accordingly, the king

had now laid it down as a punishment, that if any one tried and could not fell the oak, he should be put on a barren island, and have both his ears clipped off. But the two brothers did not let themselves be scared by that; they were quite sure they could fell the oak. Peter, as he was the eldest, was to try his hand first; but it went with him as with the rest who had hewn at the oak—for every chip he cut out, two grew in its place. So the king's men seized him, and clipped off both his ears, and put him out on the island.

Now Paul, he was to try his luck, but he fared just the same; when he had hewn two or three strokes, they began to see the oak grow; and so the king's men seized him too, and clipped his ears, and put him out on the island. And they clipped his ears closer, because they said he ought to have taken a lesson from his brother.

So now Jack was to try.

'If you *will* look like a marked sheep, we're quite ready to clip your ears at once, and then you'll save yourself some trouble!' said the king, for he was angry with him for his brothers' sake.

'Well, I should like just to try first!' said Jack, and so he got leave. Then he took his axe out of his wallet, and fitted it to its haft.

'Hew away!' said he to his axe; and away it hewed, making the chips fly again, so that it was not long before down came the oak.

When that was done, Jack pulled out his spade, and fitted it to its handle.

'Dig away!' said he to his spade; and so the spade began to dig and delve, till the earth and rock flew out in splinters, and so he had the well soon dug out, you may think.

And when he had got it as big and deep as he chose, Jack took out his walnut, and laid it in one corner of the well, and pulled the plug of moss out.

'Trickle and run!' said Jack; and so the nut trickled and ran, till the water gushed out of the hole in a stream, and in a short time the well was brimful.

Thus Jack had felled the oak which shaded the king's palace, and dug a well in the palace-yard; and so he got the princess and half the kingdom, as the king had said. But it was lucky for Peter and Paul that they had lost their ears, else they would have heard each hour and day how every one said: 'Well, after all, Jack was not so much out of his mind when he took to wondering!'

THE THREE FISHERS.

1.

Three fishers went sailing away to the west—
Away to the west as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbour-bar be moaning.

2.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse-tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown.
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbour-bar be moaning.

3.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come home to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner 'tis over, the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

PAST AND PRESENT.

1.

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

2.

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups—
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday—
The tree is living yet!

3.

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

4.

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm further off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy.

T. Hood.

THE CHAIN OF DESTRUCTION.

(Scene.—*American Prairies.*)

[*Spell and write*]

inquired, cautiously, approached, curiosity, concealing, opportunity, distinguished.

Directly in front of the tent, and at no great distance from it, a thick network of vines stretched between two trees. Over the leaves grew flowers so thickly as almost to hide them; the whole surface shining as if a bright carpet had been spread from tree to tree, and hung down

between them. Francis, who had for some time kept his eyes in that direction, all at once exclaimed: 'Look yonder—humming-birds!'

'Where are they?' inquired Lucien. 'Softly, brothers, approach them gently.'

As Lucien said this, he walked cautiously forward, followed by Basil and Francis.

'Ah!' exclaimed Lucien, as they drew near, 'I see one now; it is the ruby-throat: see his throat how it glitters!'

'Shall we try to catch it?' asked Francis.

'No, I would rather observe it a bit. You may look for the nest, as you have good eyes.'

When the curiosity of the boys was satisfied, they were about to return to the tent; but Lucien suddenly made a motion, which caused his brothers to look on the ground.

Crouching among the leaves, now crawling side-ways, now making short springs, and then hiding itself, went a fearful-looking creature about the size of the humming-bird. Its body consisted of two pieces joined about the middle, and covered all over with a reddish-brown wool or hair, that stood upright like bristles. It had ten limbs, long, crooked, and covered with hair like the body—two curved claw-like feelers in front, and two horns projecting behind, so that but for its sharp fiery eyes, it would have been difficult to tell which was its head.

'The leaping-spider,' whispered Lucien to his brothers; 'see, it is after the humming-bird!'

This was evident. Step by step, and leap after leap, it was approaching the cluster of blossoms where the humming-bird was at that moment. Sometimes the spider would hide itself among the leaves of the vine, then when

the bird settled for a moment to feed, it would advance nearer by a quick run or a leap, concealing itself again to await a fresh opportunity. At last, the bird poised itself at the mouth of a flower, sucking out the honey with its long tongue, and in a moment the spider sprang forward and clutched it round the body with his feeler. The bird, with a wild chirrup, flew outwards and upwards as if to carry the spider away. But its flight was suddenly checked; and, on looking more closely, the fine thread of the spider was seen attached to the tree at one end and his body at the other, strong enough to prevent the poor bird from escaping from his enemy. Soon the little wings ceased to move. The boys could see that the bird was dead, and the mandibles of the spider were buried in its shining throat.

And now the spider began reeling in his line, in order to carry up his prey to his nest among the branches. But the eyes of the boys were caught at this moment by a shining object stealing down the tree. It was a lizard of the most brilliant colours; its back of golden green, the underneath part of its body a greenish-white, its throat of the brightest scarlet. It was not more than six inches in length. As it was crawling onward, its bright eye fell on the spider and his prey. All at once the lizard stopped, its colour changed; the red throat became white, the green body brown, so that it could hardly be distinguished from the bark of the tree on which it crouched. Soon it was evident that it meant to attack the spider, and to do this it ran round the tree to the nest, where it crouched down, waiting the return of the master of the house. The spider, no doubt exulting in the thought of the feast he was going to have, and little suspecting a foe so near, came up. In a moment the lizard sprang upon him, and

lizard, spider, and bird fell to the ground. There was a short struggle between the first two, but the spider was no match for the lizard, who in a few moments had ground off his legs, and killed him by thrusting his sharp teeth into the spider's skull. From the moment the lizard sprang upon his prey all his bright colours had returned—if possible, brighter than before. And now the lizard began dragging the body of the spider across the grass, when suddenly, from a tree close by, out of a dark round hole, some twenty feet from the ground, a red head and brown shoulders were visible. It was moving from side to side, watching the ground below, and evidently preparing to come down. Lucien, when he saw the red head, olive-brown body, and fierce dark eyes, knew it for a scorpion-lizard.

[*Write from dictation*]

The opportunity of watching these curious creatures would have been lost had not the boys approached cautiously, concealing themselves behind the trees. Distinguished men who have spent their lives inquiring into nature's secrets, have been thus watchful and cautious, and in this way have learned many strange and interesting facts.

THE CHAIN OF DESTRUCTION.—*Concluded.*

[*Spell and write*]

separated, attitudes, operation, southern, occupied, ensued, adversary, species, shoulder.

The little green lizard, rustling over the dead-leaves with the spider, caught the scorpion's attention, and he resolved to deprive him of the prey. But the green lizard was brave, and turned to fight—his throat swelled out, and looked brighter than ever.

After a while, they sprang at each other open-jawed

—wriggled over the ground, their tails flying in the air; then separated, and again assumed defiant attitudes, their forked tongues shot forth, and their sparkling eyes glittering in the sun.

The weakest part of the green lizard lies in his tail. So tender is it, that the slightest blow will separate it from the body. Its foe evidently knew this, and tried to attack the tail; but the lizard carefully faced him whichever way he turned. For several minutes they fought, and then the bright colours of the green lizard grew paler; the scorpion rushed forward, threw the other on his back, and before he could recover himself, bit off his tail. The poor little fellow, feeling he had lost more than half his length, ran off, and hid among the logs.

It was well for him that he did so; and it would have been better for the scorpion had he stayed in his hole, for a new enemy had drawn near while the battle was raging. From the leafy spreading branches of a mulberry-tree, a red snake, about the thickness of a walking-cane, was hanging down, a full yard of it, out from the trees. Just as the lizard ran off without its tail, the scorpion perceived the long red body of the serpent dangling above him, and knowing it was a terrible enemy, ran off to hide himself. But instead of taking to a tree, where he might have escaped, he ran out, in his fright, to the open ground. The snake dropped down, overtook him in a moment, and killed him on the spot. Snakes do not chew their food, but swallow it whole, sucking it gradually down their throats. This the red snake began to do with the scorpion-lizard—it was a curious operation, and the boys watched it with much interest.

But other eyes were bent upon the reptile. A dark shadow was seen moving over the ground; and on looking

up, the boys saw a large bird, with snow-white head and breast, wheeling in the air. It was the great southern kite; and beautiful it was to see him sailing in circles with his wide-spread tapering wings.

Nearer and nearer he came, till the boys could see the red gleam of his eyes; and now for the first time the snake caught sight of him too. It had hitherto been closely occupied with its prey, which it had just swallowed. When it looked up and saw the kite, its red colour turned pale, and it struck its head into the grass, as if to hide itself. It was too late. The kite swooped gently down; and when it rose again, the reptile was seen wriggling in his talons!

But as the kite rose, it was evident, from the flapping of his wings, that his flight was impeded. The cause soon appeared. The snake was no longer hanging from his talons, it had twined itself round his body. All at once the kite began to flutter, and both bird and serpent fell heavily to the ground. A violent struggle ensued—the bird trying to free himself from the folds of the snake, while the snake tried to squeeze the kite to death. How was it to end? The kite could not free itself from the snake. The snake dared not let go the kite, for it would have been seized by the head, and have lost its power. So, though both would gladly have been parted, neither could let the other go.

At length the kite got his beak close to the head of the serpent, then seized the reptile's lower jaw in his mouth; the serpent tried to bite, without effect, and now the kite had the best of it—planting his talons round his adversary's throat, he held him as in a vice. The coils of the reptile were seen to loose and fall off. In a few moments its body lay along the grass motionless.

The kite raised his head, extended his wings to make sure he was free; then, with a scream of triumph, rose upward, the long body of the serpent trailing after him like a train.

At this moment another scream reached the ears of the young hunters. It might have passed for the echo of the first, but its tones were wilder and louder. All eyes were turned in the direction whence it came. The boys knew very well that it was the white-headed eagle.

The kite had heard the cry too, and at once tried to rise higher into the air, resolved to hold on to his hard-earned plunder. Birds of his species will sometimes outfly and escape the eagle. Up rose the kite, straining every pinion of his pointed wings; and upward goes the pursuing eagle. Closer and closer they appear to come. Soon both disappear beyond the reach of vision. Hark! there is a sound like the whirling of a rocket—something has fallen on the tree-top. It is the kite—dead, and the blood spurting from a wound in his shoulder!

And now the eagle has shot down with the snake in her talons, gliding slowly over the tops of the trees, and alighted on the summit of a dead magnolia.

Basil seized his rifle, sprung on his horse, and rode off among the bushes. He had been gone but a few minutes, when a sharp crack was heard, and the eagle was seen tumbling from her perch.

This was the last link in the Chain of Destruction.

Abridged from Howitt's Boy Hunters.

[*Write from dictation*]

Separated by the leafy southern foliage from the different species of animals that occupied their attention, the boys watched in silence each operation, and the result that ensued when a new adversary appeared; their attitudes, as they knelt, shoulder to shoulder, with outstretched necks, alone revealing their intense interest in the scene passing before their eyes.

THE PRISONER'S FLOWER.

[*Spell and write*]

political, beguile, solitude, conversation, occupation, responsible, amusement, interesting, delicacy, remembrance, conscientiously.

The Count, who is in prison for a political cause, and is not allowed books or paper to beguile his solitude, has found one little green plant growing up between the paving-stones of the prison-yard in which he is allowed to walk. He watches it from day to day, marks the opening of the leaves and buds, and soon loves it as a friend. In dread lest the jailer, who seems a rough man, should crush it with his foot, he resolves to ask him to be careful of it, and this is the conversation they have on the subject:

'As to your gillyflower' ——

'Is it a gillyflower?' said the Count.

'Upon my word,' said the jailer, 'I know nothing about it, Sir Count; all flowers are gillyflowers to me. But as you mention the subject, I must tell you you are rather late in recommending it to my mercy. I should have trodden on it long ago without any ill-will to you or to it, had I not remarked the tender interest you take in it, the little beauty!'

'Oh, my interest,' said the Count, 'is nothing out of the common.'

'Oh, it's all very well; I know all about it,' replied the jailer, trying to wink with a knowing look; 'a man must have occupation—he must take to something—and poor prisoners have not much choice. You see, Sir Count, we have amongst our inmates men who doubtless were formerly important people, men who had brains—for it is not small-fry that they bring here—well, now, they occupy and amuse themselves at very little cost, I assure you. One catches flies—there's no harm in that; another carves figures on his deal-table, without remembering that I am responsible for the furniture of the place.'

The Count would have spoken, but he went on. 'Some breed canaries and goldfinches, others little white mice. For my part, I respect their tastes to such a point, that I had a beautiful large Angora cat with long white fur, he would leap and gambol in the prettiest way in the world, and when he rolled himself up to go to sleep, you would have said it was a sleeping-muff—my wife made a great pet of him, so did I; well, I gave him away, for the birds and mice might have tempted him, and all the cats in the world are not worth a poor prisoner's mouse.'

'That was very kind of you, Mr Jailer,' replied the Count, feeling uneasy that he should be thought capable

of caring for such trifles; 'but this plant is for me more than an amusement.'

'Never mind, if it only recalls the green boughs under which your mother nursed you in your infancy, it may overshadow half the court. Besides, my orders say nothing about it, so I shall be blind on that side. If it should grow to a tree, and be capable of assisting you in scaling the wall, that would be quite another thing. But we have time enough to think of that; have we not?' added he with a loud laugh. 'Oh, if you tried to escape from the fortress!'

'What would you do?'

'What would I do! I would stop you though you might kill me; or I would have you fired at by the sentinel, with as little pity as if you were a rabbit! That is the order. But touch a leaf of your gillyflower! no, no; or put my foot on it, never! I always thought that man a perfect rascal, unworthy to be a jailer, who wickedly crushed the spider of a poor prisoner—that was a wicked action—it was a crime!'

The Count was touched and surprised. 'My dear jailer,' said he, 'I thank you for your kindness. Yes, I confess it, this plant is to me a source of much interesting study.'

'Well, then, Sir Count, if your plant has done you such good service,' said the jailer, preparing to leave the cell, 'you ought to be more grateful, and water it sometimes, for if I had not taken care when bringing you your allowance of water, to moisten it from time to time, the poor little flower would have died of thirst.'

'One moment, my good friend,' cried the Count, more and more struck at discovering so much natural delicacy under so rough an outside; 'what, have you been so

thoughtful of my pleasures, and yet you never said a word about it? Pray, accept this little present, in remembrance of my gratitude,' and he held out his silver drinking-cup.

The jailer took the cup in his hand, looking at it with a sort of curiosity. 'Plants only want water, Sir Count,' he said; 'and one can treat them to a drink without ruining one's self. If this one amuses you, if it does you good in any way, that is quite enough;' and he went and put back the cup in its place.

The Count advanced towards the jailer, and held out his hand.

'Oh no, no!' said the latter, moving back respectfully as he spoke; 'hands are only given to equals or to friends.'

'Well, then, be my friend.'

'No, no, that cannot be, sir. One must look ahead, so as to do always to-morrow as well as to-day one's duty conscientiously. If you were my friend, and you attempted to escape, should I then have the courage to call out to the sentinel, "fire!" No; I am only your keeper, your jailer, and your humble servant.'

SAINTINE'S *Picciola.*

[*Write from dictation*]

It was curious to see a man like the Count, deprived of political occupation, beguile his solitude by seeking amusement in this simple way. But it is yet more interesting to call to remembrance the delicacy of the jailer, who, conscientiously performing his responsible task, shewed in his conversation the gentlest, kindest sentiments one man could feel for another.

THE CHILD AND THE WIND.

1.

'Father, father, are you listening,'
Said the shepherd's little child,
'To that wind so hoarse and hollow,
As it howls across the wild?

2.

'When I hear it in the chimneys,
When it sweeps along the ground,
'Tis to me, as if deep voices
Mingled strangely with the sound.

3.

'Now they louder swell and nearer,
Now they fall and die away,
Can you tell me, dearest father,
What it is the wild winds say?'

4.

'Nay, my child, they are not speaking,
Not a word the winds impart,
But each sound the Almighty sendeth,
Hath a message to the heart.

5.

'And that murmur deep and awful,
Couldst thou catch its voice aright,
It might whisper: "Child, be grateful,
Thou art safe at home to-night."

6.

'While for thee the red fire burneth,
Sitting by thy father's knee,
Many laden ships are tossing,
Far away on the salt sea.

7.

'Many mothers sitting watchful,
Count the storm-gusts one by one,
Weeping sorely as they tremble
For some distant sailor-son.

8.

'They might tell of Him who holdeth
In the hollow of His hand,
Gentle breezes and rude tempests,
Coming all at His command.

9.

'He provideth our home-shelter,
He protecteth on the seas—
When the wild winds seem to whisper,
Let them tell thee things like these.'

10.

Thus replied the shepherd-father;
And the child with quiet mind
Had a thought of GOD'S great mercies,
As he listened to the wind.

STORIES OF DOGS.

[*Spell and write*]

generous, usually, favourite, varieties, affectionate, acquaintanceship, intelligent, incredible, revolutionary, admission, unremitting, fidelity, interviews, ordinary, aristocrat, unconscious, perpetrated, occasionally, considerable, relinquished, endeavoured, exhausted.

Volumes could be filled with anecdotes of the mutual attachment of men and dogs, and we are of opinion that the affection in such cases is very much more noble and generous than is usually supposed. No person, indeed,

can have any proper idea of this tenderness of feeling who has not kept a favourite dog. We believe that among the different varieties of dogs, the small spaniel kind is the most affectionate; but probably we are led to entertain this notion from an acquaintanceship with the character of our own favourite Fiddy—a small spaniel of joyous and intelligent character, and possessing boundless attachment to persons about her. An anecdote is told of a small dog of this variety which does not appear to us to be in any respect incredible.

During the Reign of Terror in France, a gentleman in one of the northern departments was accused of conspiring against the republic, and sent to Paris to appear before the revolutionary tribunal. His dog was with him when he was seized, and was allowed to accompany him, but on arriving in the capital, was refused admission to the prison of his master. The distress was mutual: the gentleman sorrowed for the loss of the society of his dog; the dog pined to get admission to the prison. Living only on scraps of food picked up in the neighbourhood, the poor dog spent most of his time near the door of the prison, into which he made repeated attempts to gain admittance. Such unremitting fidelity at length melted the feelings of the porter, and the dog was allowed to enter. His joy at seeing his master was unbounded; that of his master on seeing his dog was not less. It was difficult to separate them; but the jailer, fearing for himself, carried the dog out of the prison. Every day, however, at a certain hour, he was allowed to repeat his visit. At these interviews, the affectionate animal licked the hands and face of his master; looked at him again; again licked his hands, and whined his delight. After a few mornings, feeling assured of

re-admission, he departed at the call of the jailer. The day came when the unfortunate captive was taken before the tribunal; and, to the surprise of the court, there also was the dog. It had followed its master into the hall, and clung to him, as if to protect him from injury. One would naturally imagine that the spectacle of so much affection would have moved the judges, and induced them to be merciful. But this was a period in which ordinary feelings were reversed, and men acted in the spirit of maniacs or demons. Will it be credited?—the prisoner, accused only of being an aristocrat, was doomed to be guillotined; and, in pronouncing sentence, the judge added, partly in jest and partly in earnest, that his dog might go with him! The condemned man, with his humble companion, were conducted back to prison. What were the mental sufferings of the unhappy gentleman, it is needless to inquire; the dog was happily unconscious of the approaching tragedy. Morning dawned; the hour of execution arrived; and the prisoner, with other victims of revolutionary vengeance, went forth to the scaffold. One last caress was permitted; next minute the axe fell, and severed the head of the poor gentleman from his body. His dog saw the bloody deed perpetrated, and was frantic with grief. He followed the mangled corpse of his master to the grave. No persuasions could induce him to leave the spot. Night and day he lay on the bare ground. Food was offered, but he would not eat. If a dog's heart could be broken, the heart of this one surely was. Day by day his body grew thinner, his eye more glassy. Occasionally, he uttered low moaning sounds. They were the expiring efforts of nature. One morning, he was found stretched lifeless on the earth. Death had kindly put an end to his sufferings. Who can describe

the depth of agony that this faithful creature had endured? None. All can, however, tell how France has been punished for the crimes of which the above is only one among many thousands.

The manner in which dogs have exerted themselves to save the lives of their masters, is very remarkable. The following occurs in a late American work, called the *Random Sketches of a Kentuckian*:

This Kentuckian sportsman had a favourite stag-hound, strong, and of first-rate qualities, named Bravo, which he on one occasion, when going on a hunting-expedition, left at home, taking in his stead, on trial, a fine-looking hound which had been presented to him a few days before. Having gone a certain length into the woodland in quest of game, he fired at a powerful stag, which he brought down after a considerable run, and believed to be dead. The animal, however, was only stunned by the shot. He was no sooner touched with the keen edge of the knife, than he rose with a sudden bound, 'threw me from his body,' says the hunter, 'and hurled my knife from my hand. I at once saw my danger, but it was too late. With one bound he was upon me, wounding and almost disabling me with his sharp horns and feet. I seized him by his wide-spread antlers, and sought to regain possession of my knife, but in vain; each new struggle drew us further from it. My horse, frightened at the unusual scene, had madly fled to the top of an adjoining ridge, where he stood looking down upon the combat, trembling and quivering in every limb. My dog had not come up, and his bay I could not now hear. The struggles of the furious animal had become dreadful, and every moment I could feel his

sharp hoofs cutting deep into my flesh; my grasp upon his antlers was growing less and less firm, and yet I relinquished not my hold. The struggle had brought us near a deep ditch, washed by autumn rains, and into this I endeavoured to force my adversary; but my strength was unequal to the effort: when we approached to the very brink, he leaped over the drain. I relinquished my hold and rolled in, hoping thus to escape him; but he returned to the attack, and throwing himself upon me, inflicted numerous severe cuts upon my face and breast before I could again seize him. Locking my arms round his antlers, I drew his head close to my breast, and was thus, by great effort, enabled to prevent his doing me any serious injury. But I felt that this could not last long; every muscle and fibre of my frame was called into action, and human nature could not long bear up under such exertion. Faltering a silent prayer to Heaven, I prepared to meet my fate.

'At this moment of despair I heard the faint bayings of the hound; the stag, too, heard the sound, and springing from the ditch, drew me with him. His efforts were now redoubled, and I could scarcely cling to him. Yet that blessed sound came nearer and nearer! O how wildly beat my heart as I saw the hound emerge from the ravine, and spring forward with a short, quick bark, as his eye rested on his game! I released my hold of the stag, who turned upon the new enemy. Exhausted, and unable to rise, I still cheered the dog, that, dastard-like, fled before the infuriated animal, which, seemingly despising such an enemy, again threw himself upon me. Again did I succeed in throwing my arms around his antlers, but not until he had inflicted several deep and dangerous wounds upon my head and face, cutting to the very bone.

'Blinded by the flowing blood, exhausted and despairing, I cursed the coward dog, which stood near, baying furiously, yet refusing to seize his game. O how I prayed for Bravo! The thoughts of death were bitter. To die thus in the wild forest alone, with none to help! Thoughts of home and friends coursed like lightning through my brain. At that moment, when hope herself had fled, deep and clear over the neighbouring hill came the baying of my gallant Bravo! I should have known his voice among a thousand. I pealed forth, in one faint shout: "On, Bravo, on!" The next moment, with tiger-like bounds, the noble dog came leading down the hill, scattering the dried autumnal leaves like a whirlwind in his path. "No pause he knew;" but fixing his fangs in the stag's throat, he at once commenced the struggle.

'I fell back, completely exhausted. Blinded with blood, I only knew that a terrific struggle was going on. In a few moments all was still, and I felt the warm breath of my faithful dog as he licked my wounds. Clearing my eyes from gore, I saw my late adversary dead at my feet, and Bravo, "my own Bravo," as the heroine of a modern novel would say, standing over me. He had gnawed in two the rope with which he had been tied, and following his master through all his windings, arrived in time to rescue him from a horrible death.'

[*Write from dictation*]

The generous and affectionate nature of the dog usually renders him a favourite with those who make his acquaintance, and observe his unremitting fidelity. Many people seem to be unconscious of his intelligent nature, and deem the anecdotes told of him incredible; but they do so because they observe him only occasionally, and have never endeavoured to understand for themselves the actions performed perhaps in their own presence.

TO-MORROW.

1.

In the downhill of life, when I find I'm declining,
May my lot no less fortunate be
Than a snug elbow-chair can afford for reclining,
And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea;
With an ambling pad-pony to pace o'er the lawn,
While I carol away idle sorrow,
And blithe as the lark that each day hails the dawn
Look forward with hope for to-morrow.

2.

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade too,
As the sunshine or rain may prevail;
And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade too,
With a barn for the use of the flail:
A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
And a purse when a friend wants to borrow;
I'll envy no nabob his riches or fame,
Nor what honours await him to-morrow.

3.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be completely
Secured by a neighbouring hill;
And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly
By the sound of a murmuring rill:
And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,
With my friends may I share what to-day may afford,
And let them spread the table to-morrow.

4.

And when I at last must throw off this frail covering
Which I 've worn for threescore-years-and-ten,
On the brink of the grave I 'll not seek to keep hovering,
Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again:
But my face in the glass I 'll serenely survey,
And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow;
For this old worn-out stuff, which is threadbare to-day,
May become everlasting to-morrow!

ADVENTURE WITH A LION.

[*Spell and write*]

attacked, encouraged, marauders, circle, partially, chloroform, operation, annihilated, peculiar, benevolent, buffalo, paroxysm.

It is well known that if one in a troop of lions is killed, the others take the hint, and leave that part of the country. So the next time the herds were attacked, I went with the people, in order to encourage them to rid themselves of the annoyance by destroying one of the marauders. We found the lions on a small hill about a quarter of a mile in length, and covered with trees. A circle of men was formed round it, and they gradually closed up, ascending pretty near to each other. Being down below on the plain with a native schoolmaster, named Mebálme, a most excellent man, I saw one of the lions sitting on a piece of rock within the now closed circle of men. Mebálme fired at him before I could, and the ball struck the rock on which the animal was sitting. He bit at the spot struck, as a dog does at a stick or stone thrown at him; then leaping away, broke through the opening circle, and

escaped unhurt. The men were afraid to attack him, perhaps on account of their belief in witchcraft. When the circle was re-formed, we saw two other lions in it, but we were afraid to fire, lest we should strike the men, and they allowed the beasts to burst through also. If they had acted according to the custom of the country, they would have speared the lions in their attempt to get out. Seeing we could not get them to kill one of the lions, we bent our footsteps towards the village. In going round the end of the hill, however, I saw one of the beasts sitting on a piece of rock as before, but this time he had a little bush in front. Being about thirty yards off, I took a good aim at his body through the bush, and fired both barrels into it. The men then called out: 'He is shot, he is shot!' Others cried: 'He has been shot by another man too; let us go to him!' I did not see any one else shoot at him, but I saw the lion's tail erected in anger behind the bush, and turning to the people, said: 'Stop a little till I load again!' When in the act of ramming down the bullets, I heard a shout. Starting and looking half round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height; he caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came to the ground below together. Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier-dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe, who see all the operation, but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated

fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death. Turning round to relieve myself of the weight, as he had one paw on the back of my head, I saw his eyes directed to Mebálme, who was trying to shoot him at a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun, a flint one, missed fire in both barrels; the lion immediately left me, and attacking him, bit his thigh. Another man, whose life I had saved before, after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion while he was biting Mebálme. He left him, and caught this man by the shoulder, but at that moment the bullets he had received took effect, and he fell down dead. The whole was the work of a few moments, and must have been his paroxysm of dying rage. Besides crunching the bone into splinters, he left eleven teeth-wounds on the upper part of my arm.

[*Write from dictation*]

The lion bravely attacked the men, who, encouraged by Dr Livingstone, had come out to attack the marauder of their flocks and herds. Partially wounded, he seems to have sprung on the circle of his foes in a paroxysm of pain and rage. The effect of the shaking here described is very peculiar, and is described as partially causing insensibility, as chloroform does when given before an operation.

THE ELFIN PLOUGH.

A Tale.

[*Spell and write*]

consecrated, seized, transformation, mischievous, disagreeable, abhorrence, favourite, generally, consequence, particular, possessed, proprietors, gratification, successively, conferred, nobility, congratulate.

There once lived a peasant in Rodenkirchen, who was extremely poor, but an honest, pious man, and every morning, as he went to his work, he would kneel down before a stone-cross that stood on his road, and say his prayers. One day, while performing his usual devotions, he perceived a very brilliant worm, such as he had never seen before, running up and down the cross, as if it wanted to get away, or was frightened. The peasant took no further notice of it the first time, but when, on the two following mornings, he saw it wriggling about after the same fashion, he began to be half uneasy, and said to himself: 'Can this be a little elf? He runs about, for all the world, as though he had a bad conscience, and would fain get away, yet could not.' For he had heard his father tell, that whenever one of the little underground people touch any consecrated object, they are held fast, and cannot escape from it. So he seized the worm between his fingers, and in spite of its resistance, he pulled it away, when he found he was holding, by one lock, an ugly elf, scarcely six times the height of one's thumb, who screamed and struggled as hard as he could. The peasant, though horrified at this sudden transformation,

had sufficient presence of mind to keep a firm hold of his prize, and said: 'Wait a bit, my little man, I'll teach you better manners.' And with that he gave him a thrashing, when the little fellow began to whimper, and to beg the peasant to let him go. 'No, no, my little master,' quoth the peasant, 'you shall not stir till you have told me who you are, and how you came here, and what you can do to earn an honest penny.' The mannikin grinned and shook his head, but would not speak a word. 'Hoho!' cried the peasant; 'I see I must dust your jacket a little more.' And thereupon he beat him till his arm ached, but all to no purpose; the little black elf remained as mute as the grave, for this species is the most mischievous of all the underground spirits. Seeing there was no getting a word out of him, the peasant took him home, and put him into an iron trap, which he placed in a cold dark chamber, and laying a heavy stone on the top of the lid, so that he should not get out, he said: 'There, my little man, there you shall remain and freeze till you are black in the face, unless you learn better manners!'

And the peasant went into the chamber twice a week, to see if his prisoner had come to his senses; but the little fellow remained dumb. This lasted for about six weeks, when the black elf grew tame, and at last cried out to the peasant, that if he would but let him out of his nasty prison, he would do whatever he wished. The peasant bade him first tell how he had come into his power. 'That you know as well as I do,' replied the black elf, 'or you would not have caught me as you did. You see, I came too near the cross, which we little people are not allowed to do, under pain of being held fast, and becoming visible. Therefore I changed myself into a

worm, in the hope of not being recognised by any mortal man. Still, we never can get away, unless a human being takes us off. Therefore we must choose between two evils: for if it is disagreeable to be detained, it is scarcely less so to be handled by mortals, of whom we have a natural abhorrence.'

'Nay, then,' exclaimed the peasant, 'there is not much love lost between us; and if you come to that, I am sure I have as great a horror of you, my black friend, as you can possibly entertain of me. So, let us make our bargain at once, and we have done.'

'Say what you require,' returned the elf; 'gold, or silver, or precious stones shall be yours in a moment!'

'No,' replied the peasant; 'these things only turn people's heads, and make them grow idle and fretful, so I'll have none of them. But as you are such clever smiths, you must swear you will make me an iron plough that the smallest colt will be able to draw without ever getting tired, and then you may take to your heels as fast as you like!'

The black elf took the oath that was required of him, and the peasant immediately set him free.

On the following morning, before dawn, there stood an iron plough in the peasant's farmyard. It looked the same size as an ordinary plough; but when he put his dog to it, the animal drew it with the utmost ease through the moist clayey soil, and the furrows it traced were very deep ones. The peasant used this plough for many years, and the smallest colt or the poorest donkey could draw it without turning a hair, to the surprise of all his neighbours. In time, the plough enriched the peasant, as it scarcely cost him anything in horse-flesh; and he married, and lived very comfortably, and brought up his

sons in habits of industry, often repeating to them his favourite maxim, that those who are moderate in their wishes are sure to grow rich enough to be happy.

On his death-bed, the peasant revealed the secret of the plough to his children; but it served them nothing, for the breath was no sooner out of their father's body, than it lost all its virtues, and became just the same as an ordinary plough. The elder son, Kanz, murmured very much at this, and often observed to his brother, that he wished their father had been a little less moderate in his wishes, and had asked for gold or precious stones, as something would then have remained for them; and he generally concluded by observing, that if he ever met with a similar piece of luck, he should know how to turn it to far greater advantage. And from that time, nothing ran in Kanz's head but the wish to get either a black or a brown elf into his power, and become a wealthy man. So, while his younger brother, Fritz, was toiling from morning till night to improve his share of the estate their father had left them, Kanz was generally asleep all day under a hay-stack—the natural consequence of spending his nights in searching for some token belonging to the little underground people, or such a worm as his father had met with. Kanz never found a worm, but he managed at length to pick up a glass shoe belonging to a brown elf, which was every bit as good. No sooner had he secured this prize, than he went towards midnight to the nine mountains, near Rambin, and called out lustily: 'Kanz of Rodenkirchen has found a glass shoe. Who'll buy? Who'll buy?'

Accordingly, as soon as the time came round when the owner of the shoe was allowed to come out by daylight,

he came in the disguise of a merchant, and knocked at Kanz's door, and inquired whether he had glass shoes to sell, as there was just now a great demand for them.

Kanz answered, that he had a glass shoe, but so small and so elegant that it was not everybody's money that would purchase it.

The merchant having asked to see it, observed, that there was nothing very particular about the shoe, yet he was willing to give a thousand dollars for it.

But Kanz laughed contemptuously, and informed the merchant, that unless he could manage so that he should find a ducat in every furrow he turned up, he might e'en go and seek another market for glass shoes.

So when the merchant found that all his twisting and turning was of no avail, he at length gave way—the bargain was effected, and Kanz gave up the shoe on his swearing to do his bidding. The moment the merchant was gone, Kanz ran to the stable, and putting his horses to the plough, went to the nearest piece of land, and no sooner had he broken the ground, than out jumped a ducat; and this was repeated every time he traced a fresh furrow. From that day there was no end to Kanz's ploughing. He bought eight new horses besides the eight he already possessed, and their mangers were always full of oats, in order that two fresh horses might be in readiness every two hours. Thus would he plough from dawn till past midnight, both summer and winter, except, indeed, when the earth was quite frozen. And as, in order to keep his own secret, he had never allowed anybody to help him, he was much more jaded than his horses, who had plenty of rest and fodder; he grew pale and morose, and scarcely took

any notice of either his wife or his children; for instead of leading a pleasant life with his newly-acquired wealth, he only thought of obtaining more, and of counting over what he already possessed. His wife and his neighbours pitied him for having become so silent and so sad, and thought he must be half out of his wits, and that he would ruin himself with keeping so many horses; but his brother Fritz suspected what had happened, and sometimes he could not refrain from observing to him: '"Moderate wishes make a man prosper," as our father used to say.' But all advice was lost upon him, and the ill-fated Kanz, after leading this strange life for a couple of years, withered and died of his thirst for gold, in the prime of manhood. After his death, his wife searched the cellar, at her brother-in-law's suggestion, and found two large chests full of new ducats; so that the children were well provided for, and became rich landed proprietors; but what gratification did Master Kanz ever derive from his hard-earned wealth?

Fritz, though a much younger, was a far wiser man than Kanz. He did not lose his time in seeking for bright worms or glass shoes, and this was, perhaps, just the reason why fortune, of her own accord, threw in his way a minute silver bell, belonging to the cap of a brown elf, one day as he was pasturing his flock at Patsig, half a mile distant from the mountains. The elf took successively the shape of different birds and beasts, to look for his bell; but as it happened that Fritz had taken away his herd the very next day to another district, his search proved vain. At last, however, after ransacking all the magpies' nests, the elf flew, as a bird, over the water near Unruh, where Fritz's flock was grazing, and where he heard the tinkling of a number of bells

round the sheep's necks; and as he soared in the air he sang:

'Ding, dong, ding;
Can ye tell
Where's my bell?
Rich are you,
Ram or ewe,
Whosoe'er that bell may ring.'

On hearing these strange words, Fritz said to himself: 'If he likes the music of the sheep's bells, I wonder what he would say to my silver bell.' And hereupon he made it tinkle its pretty little music. The bird immediately disappeared behind a bush, and stepped forth as an aged crone, who came and asked Fritz if he would sell his little bell, as she wanted to amuse her grandchild. But Fritz said he could not part with it, for his sheep obeyed its call, and, besides, he liked its pleasant sound. She then offered him a handful of gold; but as he truly said: 'Gold has not half so sweet a sound!' The old woman then shewed him a white staff, curiously carved with the figures of our first parents tending their flocks in Eden, and said: 'I will give you this staff in exchange for your bell, and so long as you drive your flocks with it, so long will your lambs be fatter four weeks sooner than anybody else's, and each of your sheep will yield two pounds more wool than other people's sheep.' Fritz liked the notion of such a staff, and without more ado, he struck the bargain, and gave up the bell, when the old dame melted away like a cloud of mist.

And a good bargain indeed it proved. Every season added to Fritz's wealth, and in a few years he became the richest farmer in Rügen, and purchased the manor at Grabitz, which conferred nobility upon him; and he

brought up his sons and daughters as young gentlemen and ladies. And better still, he was looked up to as the best and wisest man throughout the land. So that he had good reason to congratulate himself that he had not grasped at too much, like his brother, but had rather followed the prudent example set him by his father.

[*Write from dictation*]

How fortunate it is that we are obliged to depend on our own exertions in these days; and while we have nothing to dread, on the one hand, from disagreeable, mischievous elves, are not likely, on the other, to have the gratification of wealth conferred on us without having done anything to earn it. The proprietors of elfin ploughs, at the present time, are those possessed of excessively active and prudent habits, and they may congratulate themselves on turning their crops into gold without fairy help.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

1.

Ye mariners of England,
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again,
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

2.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

3.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

4.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow:
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

THE SHEPHERD'S HOME.

1.

My banks they are furnished with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottos are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow;
My fountains all bordered with moss,
Where the harebells and violets blow.

2.

Not a pine in the grove is there seen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a sweet-brier entwines it around.
Not my fields in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

3.

I have found out a gift for my fair,
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed;
But let me such plunder forbear,
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed;
'For he ne'er could be true,' she averred,
'Who would rob a poor bird of its young;'
And I loved her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

W. SHENSTONE.

THE TEMPEST.

A Tale from Shakspeare, by Charles Lamb.

[*Spell and write*]

released, imprisoned, mischievous, inherited, laborious, vexatious, threatened, precious, retirement, management, opportunity, innocent, description, injured, delicate, melancholy, appearance, interrupted.

There was a certain island in the sea, the only inhabitants of which were an old man, whose name was Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady.

She came to this island so young, that she had no memory of having seen any other human face than her father's.

They lived in a cave or cell, made out of a rock: it was divided into several apartments, one of which Prospero called his study; there he kept his books, which chiefly treated of magic, a study at that time much affected by all learned men: and the knowledge of this art he found very useful to him; for, being thrown by a strange chance upon this island, which had been enchanted by a witch called Sycorax, who died there a short time before his arrival, Prospero, by virtue of his art, released many good spirits that Sycorax had imprisoned in the bodies of large trees, because they had refused to execute her wicked commands. These gentle spirits were ever after obedient to the will of Prospero. Of these, Ariel was the chief.

The lively little sprite Ariel had nothing mischievous in his nature, except that he took rather too much pleasure in tormenting an ugly monster called Caliban; for he owed him a grudge, because he was the son of his old enemy Sycorax. This Caliban, Prospero found in the woods, a strange misshapen thing, far less human in form than an ape: he took him home to his cell, and taught him to speak; and Prospero would have been very kind to him, but the bad nature which Caliban inherited from his mother Sycorax, would not let him learn anything good or useful; therefore he was employed like a slave, to fetch wood, and do the most laborious offices: and Ariel had the charge of compelling him to these services.

When Caliban was lazy and neglected his work, Ariel, who was invisible to all eyes but Prospero's, would come slily and pinch him, and sometimes tumble him down in the mire; and then Ariel, in the likeness of an ape,

would make mouths at him; then swiftly changing his shape, in the likeness of a hedgehog he would lie tumbling in Caliban's way, who feared the hedgehog's sharp quills would prick his bare feet. With a variety of such like vexatious tricks Ariel would often torment him, whenever Caliban neglected the work which Prospero commanded him to do.

Having these powerful spirits obedient to his will, Prospero could, by their means, command the winds and the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a violent storm; in the midst of which, and struggling with the wild sea-waves, that every moment threatened to swallow it up, he shewed his daughter a fine large ship, which he told her was full of living beings like themselves. 'O my dear father,' said she, 'if by your art you have raised this dreadful storm, have pity on their sad distress. See! the vessel will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls! they will all perish. If I had power, I would sink the sea beneath the earth, rather than the good ship should be destroyed, with all the precious souls within her!'

'Be not so amazed, daughter Miranda,' said Prospero; 'there is no harm done. I have so ordered it, that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been in care of you, my dear child. You are ignorant who you are, or where you came from, and you know no more of me, but that I am your father, and live in this poor cave. Can you remember a time before you came to this cell? I think you cannot, for you were not then three years of age.'

'Certainly I can, sir,' replied Miranda.

'By what?' asked Prospero; 'by any other house or person? Tell me what you can remember, my child?'

Miranda said: 'It seems to me like the recollection of

a dream. But had I not once four or five women who attended upon me?'

Prospero answered: 'You had, and more. How is it that this still lives in your mind? Do you remember how you came here?'

'No, sir,' said Miranda. 'I remember nothing more.'

'Twelve years ago, Miranda,' continued Prospero, 'I was Duke of Milan, and you were a princess, and my only heir. I had a younger brother, whose name was Antonio, to whom I trusted everything; and as I was fond of retirement and deep study, I commonly left the management of my state affairs to your uncle, my false brother (for so indeed he proved). I, neglecting all worldly ends, buried among my books, did dedicate my whole time to the bettering of my mind. My brother Antonio being thus in possession of my power, began to think himself the duke indeed. The opportunity I gave him of making himself popular among my subjects, awakened in his bad nature a proud ambition to deprive me of my dukedom; this he soon effected with the aid of the king of Naples, a powerful prince, who was my enemy.'

'Wherefore,' said Miranda, 'did they not that hour destroy us?'

'My child,' answered her father, 'they durst not, so dear was the love that my people bore me. Antonio carried us on board a ship, and when we were some leagues out at sea, he forced us into a small boat, without either tackle, sail, or mast: there he left us, as he thought, to perish. But a kind lord of my court, one Gonzalo, who loved me, had privately placed in the boat water, provisions, apparel, and some books, which I prize above my dukedom.'

'O my father,' said Miranda, 'what a trouble I must have been to you then!'

'No, my love,' said Prospero, 'you were a little cherub that did preserve me. Your innocent smiles made me to bear up against my misfortunes. Our food lasted till we landed on this desert island, since when my chief delight has been in teaching you, Miranda, and well have you profited by my instructions.'

'Heaven thank you, my dear father!' said Miranda. 'Now, pray tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea-storm?'

'Know, then,' said her father, 'that by means of this storm my enemies, the king of Naples, and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island.'

Having so said, Prospero gently touched his daughter with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep; for the spirit Ariel just then presented himself before his master, to give an account of the tempest, and how he had disposed of the ship's company; and, though the spirits were always invisible to Miranda, Prospero did not choose she should hear him holding converse, as would seem to her, with the empty air.

'Well, my brave spirit,' said Prospero to Ariel, 'how have you performed your task?'

Ariel gave a lively description of the storm, and of the terrors of the mariners; and how the king's son, Ferdinand, was the first who leaped into the sea; and his father thought he saw this dear son swallowed up by the waves and lost. 'But he is safe,' said Ariel, 'in a corner of the isle, sitting with his arms folded sadly, lamenting the loss of the king, his father, whom he concludes drowned. Not a hair of his head is injured; and his princely garments, though drenched in the sea-waves, look fresher than before.'

'That's my delicate Ariel,' said Prospero. 'Bring him hither: my daughter must see this young prince. Where is the king and my brother?'

'I left them,' answered Ariel, 'searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hopes of finding, thinking they saw him perish. Of the ship's crew, not one is missing, though each one thinks himself the only one saved: and the ship, though invisible to them, is safe in the harbour.'

'Ariel,' said Prospero, 'thy charge is faithfully performed: but there is more work yet.'

'Is there more work?' said Ariel. 'Let me remind you, master, you have promised me my liberty. I pray, remember I have done you worthy service, told you no lies, made no mistakes, served you without grudge or grumbling.'

'How now?' said Prospero. 'You do not recollect what a torment I freed you from.'

'Pardon me, dear master,' said Ariel, ashamed to seem ungrateful, 'I will obey your commands.'

'Do so,' said Prospero, 'and I will set you free.' He then gave orders what further he would have him do; and away went Ariel, first to where he had left Ferdinand, and found him still sitting on the grass in the same melancholy posture.

'Oh, my young gentleman,' said Ariel, when he saw him, 'I will soon move you. You must be brought, I find, for the Lady Miranda to have a sight of your pretty person. Come, sir, follow me.' He then began singing—

'Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,

But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them—ding-dong, bell.'

This strange news of his lost father soon roused the prince from the stupid fit into which he had fallen. He followed in amazement the sound of Ariel's voice, till it led him to Prospero and Miranda, who were sitting under the shade of a large tree. Now, Miranda had never seen a man before, except her own father.

'Miranda,' said Prospero, 'tell me what you are looking at yonder?'

'O father,' said Miranda, in a strange surprise, 'surely that is a spirit. How it looks about! Believe me, sir, it is a beautiful creature. Is it not a spirit?'

'No, girl,' answered her father; 'it eats, and sleeps, and has senses such as we have. This young man, you see, was in the ship; he is somewhat altered by grief, or you might call him a handsome person; he has lost his companions, and is wandering about to find them.'

Miranda, who thought all men had grave faces and gray beards like her father, was delighted with the appearance of this beautiful young prince; and Ferdinand, seeing such a lovely lady in this desert place, and, from the strange sounds he had heard, expecting nothing but wonders, thought he was upon an enchanted island, and that Miranda was the goddess of the place, and as such he began to address her.

She timidly answered she was no goddess, but a simple maid, and was going to give him an account of herself, when Prospero interrupted her. He was well pleased to find they admired each other, for he plainly perceived they had, as we say, fallen in love at first sight: but to

try Ferdinand's constancy, he resolved to throw some difficulties in their way: therefore, advancing forward, he addressed the prince with a stern air, telling him he came to the island as a spy, to take it from him who was the lord of it. 'Follow me,' said he, 'I will tie you neck and feet together. You shall drink sea-water; shell-fish, withered roots, and husks of acorns shall be your food.' 'No,' said Ferdinand, 'I will resist such entertainment till I see a more powerful enemy,' and drew his sword; but Prospero, waving his magic wand, fixed him to the spot where he stood, so that he had no power to move.

Miranda hung upon her father, saying: 'Why are you so ungentle? Have pity, sir; I will be his surety. This is the second man I ever saw, and to me he seems a true one.'

'Silence,' said her father, 'one word more will make me chide you, girl! What! an advocate for an impostor! You think there are no more such fine men, having seen only him and Caliban. I tell you, foolish girl, most men as far excel this as he does Caliban.' This he said to prove his daughter's constancy; and she replied: 'My affections are most humble. I have no wish to see a goodlier man.'

'Come on, young man,' said Prospero to the prince, 'you have no power to disobey me.'

'I have not indeed,' answered Ferdinand; and not knowing that it was by magic he was deprived of all power of resistance, he was astonished to find himself so strangely compelled to follow Prospero; looking back on Miranda as long as he could see her, he said, as he went after Prospero into the cave, 'My spirits are all bound up, as if I were in a dream: but this man's threats, and

the weakness which I feel, would seem light to me, if from my prison I might once a day behold this fair maid.

[*Write from dictation*]

In consequence of his laborious studies, he acquired the art of releasing the imprisoned spirits who refused to obey the mischievous commands of the witch. By good management he made a good and delicate spirit, fond of vexatious but innocent tricks, obedient to his will, and glad of opportunities to serve him. Nor could the melancholy prince, whose beautiful appearance had captivated his daughter, offer any resistance to him.

THE TEMPEST—*Concluded.*

[*Spell and write*]

invisible, companion, purchased, disobey, voracious, penitence, wondering, compassion, sincere, stupified, reconciliation, uncouth, uncontrolled, reconciled, splendour.

Prospero kept Ferdinand not long confined within the cell; he soon brought out his prisoner, and set him a severe task to perform, taking care to let his daughter know the hard labour he had imposed on him, and then pretending to go into his study, he secretly watched them both.

Prospero had commanded Ferdinand to pile up some heavy logs of wood. Kings' sons not being much used to laborious work, Miranda soon after found her lover almost dying with fatigue. 'Alas!' said she, 'do not work so hard; my father is at his studies, he is safe for these three hours: pray rest yourself.'

'O my dear lady,' said Ferdinand, 'I dare not. I must finish my task before I take my rest.'

'If you will sit down,' said Miranda, 'I will carry your logs the while.' But this Ferdinand would by no means agree to. Instead of a help, Miranda became a hindrance, for they began a long conversation, so that the business of log-carrying went on very slowly.

Prospero, who had enjoined Ferdinand this task merely as a trial of his love, was not at his books, as his daughter supposed, but was standing by them invisible, to overhear what they said.

Ferdinand inquired her name, which she told him, saying it was against her father's express command she did so.

Prospero only smiled at this first instance of his daughter's disobedience, for having by his magic art caused his daughter to fall in love so suddenly, he was not angry that she shewed her love by forgetting to obey his commands. And he listened well pleased to a long speech of Ferdinand's, in which he professed to love her above all the ladies he ever saw.

In answer to his praises of her beauty, which, he said, exceeded all the women in the world, she replied: 'I do not remember the face of any woman, nor have I seen any more men than you, my good friend, and my dear father. How features are abroad, I know not; but believe me, sir, I would not wish any companion in the world but you, nor can my imagination form any shape but yours that I could like. But, sir, I fear I talk to you too freely, and my father's precepts I forget.'

At this Prospero smiled, and nodded his head, as much as to say: 'This goes on exactly as I could wish; my girl will be queen of Naples.'

And then Ferdinand, in another fine long speech (for young princes speak in courtly phrases), told the innocent

Miranda he was heir to the crown of Naples, and that she should be his queen.

'Ah! sir,' said she, 'I am a fool to weep at what I am glad of. I will answer you in plain and holy innocence. I am your wife, if you will marry me.'

Prospero prevented Ferdinand's thanks by appearing visible before them.

'Fear nothing, my child,' said he; 'I have overheard and approve of all you have said. And, Ferdinand, if I have too severely used you, I will make you rich amends by giving you my daughter. All your vexations were but my trials of your love, and you have nobly stood the test. Then as my gift, which your true love has worthily purchased, take my daughter, and do not smile that I boast she is above all praise.' He then, telling them that he had business which required his presence, desired they would sit down and talk together till he returned; and this command Miranda seemed not at all disposed to disobey.

When Prospero left them, he called his spirit Ariel, who quickly appeared before him, eager to relate what he had done with Prospero's brother and the king of Naples. Ariel said he had left them almost out of their senses with fear, at the strange things he had caused them to see and hear. When fatigued with wandering about, and famished for want of food, he had suddenly set before them a delicious banquet, and then, just as they were going to eat, he appeared visible before them in the shape of a harpy, a voracious monster with wings, and the feast vanished away. Then, to their utter amazement, this seeming harpy spoke to them, reminding them of their cruelty in driving Prospero from his dukedom, and leaving him and his infant daughter to perish in the sea;

saying, that for this cause these terrors were suffered to afflict them.

The king of Naples, and Antonio the false brother, repented the injustice they had done to Prospero; and Ariel told his master he was certain their penitence was sincere, and that he, though a spirit, could not but pity them.

'Then bring them hither, Ariel,' said Prospero; 'if you, who are but a spirit, feel for their distress, shall not I, who am a human being like themselves, have compassion on them? Bring them quickly, my dainty Ariel.'

Ariel soon returned with the king, Antonio, and old Gonzalo in their train, who had followed him, wondering at the wild music he played in the air to draw them on to his master's presence. This Gonzalo was the same who had so kindly provided Prospero formerly with books and provisions, when his wicked brother left him, as he thought, to perish in an open boat in the sea.

Grief and terror had so stupified their senses, that they did not know Prospero. He first discovered himself to the good old Gonzalo, calling him the preserver of his life; and then his brother and the king knew that he was the injured Prospero.

Antonio with tears, and sad words of sorrow and true repentance, implored his brother's forgiveness, and the king expressed his sincere remorse for having assisted Antonio to depose him: and Prospero forgave them; and, upon their engaging to restore his dukedom, he said to the king of Naples: 'I have a gift in store for you too;' and opening a door, shewed him his son Ferdinand playing at chess with Miranda.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the father and the son

at this unexpected meeting, for they each thought the other drowned in the storm.

'O wonder!' said Miranda, 'what noble creatures these are! It must surely be a brave world that has such people in it.'

The king of Naples was almost as much astonished at the beauty and excellent graces of the young Miranda, as his son had been. 'Who is this maid?' said he; 'she seems the goddess that has parted us, and brought us thus together.'

'No, sir,' answered Ferdinand, smiling to find his father had fallen into the same mistake that he had done when he first saw Miranda, 'she is a mortal, but by immortal Providence she is mine; I chose her when I could not ask you, my father, for your consent, not thinking you were alive. She is the daughter to this Prospero, who is the famous Duke of Milan, of whose renown I have heard so much, but never saw him till now; of him I have received a new life—he has made himself to me a second father, giving me this dear lady.'

'Then I must be her father,' said the king; 'but oh! how oddly will it sound, that I must ask my child's forgiveness!'

'No more of that,' said Prospero; 'let us not remember our troubles past, since they so happily have ended.'

These kind words which Prospero spoke, meaning to comfort his brother, so filled Antonio with shame and remorse, that he wept and was unable to speak; and the kind old Gonzalo wept to see this joyful reconciliation, and prayed for blessings on the young couple.

Prospero now told them that their ship was safe in the harbour, and the sailors all on board her, and that he and

his daughter would accompany them home the next morning.

Before Prospero left the island, he dismissed Ariel from his service, to the great joy of that lively little spirit; who, though he had been a faithful servant to his master, was always longing to enjoy his free liberty, to wander uncontrolled in the air, like a wild bird, under green trees, among pleasant fruits and sweet smiling flowers. 'My quaint Ariel,' said Prospero to the little sprite when he made him free, 'I shall miss you; yet you shall have your freedom.'

'Thank you, my dear master,' said Ariel; 'but give me leave to attend your ship home with prosperous gales, before you bid farewell to the assistance of your faithful spirit; and then, master, when I am free, how merrily I shall live!' Here Ariel sung this pretty song:

'Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily:
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.'

Prospero then buried deep in the earth his magical books and wand, for he was resolved never more to make use of the magic art. And having thus overcome his enemies, and being reconciled to his brother and the king of Naples, nothing now remained to complete his happiness, but to revisit his native land, to take possession of his dukedom, and to witness the happy nuptials of his daughter Miranda and Prince Ferdinand, which the king said should be instantly celebrated with great splendour on their return to Naples; at which place, under the safe

convoy of the spirit Ariel, they after a pleasant voyage soon arrived.

[*Write from dictation*]

Invisible himself, he could stand by and watch his wondering daughter and her companion, and see whether they dared to disobey his commands. The false duke was almost stupified by the discovery he made, and his sincere penitence led to a reconciliation with his exiled brother, and the marriage of the young people, which was celebrated in Naples, after a pleasant voyage, with great splendour.

TOM'S FIRST ADVENTURE.

[*Spell and write*]

particular, enemies, selected, sentinel, happened, excitement, lieutenant, officer.

'When I was a boy,' said Tom, 'nothing would please me but going to sea. Father said no, mother said no, sister Sally said no, and even little Jack, though he was no higher than my knee, said no; but it was no use, for I said yes to them all, and I kept on saying it, till at last, after three years, seeing I wasn't likely to keep steady at anything else, they gave consent. But didn't I repent when it came to the very day; when father said, very kind like: "Come, my lad, it is time to be off!" and mother was sobbing quietly over my bundle, pretending she had some more things to put in, and Sally not pretending at all, but crying with all her might, and little Jack hanging on to my hand as if no one could ever make him leave go. I don't know how I got away, and it brings a lump in my throat even now only to think of it; but I did set off, and I whistled all the way for ten miles to prevent my doing worse. Sailors must be brave, you know, even before they have been on board.

'Well, I don't remember anything particular to tell you for the first two or three years; it was but a dull life, after all, for adventures don't happen every day at sea any more than on land; but, after three years, war broke out, and then we had many a watchful night, and many a hard-fought day. We had been sent to a French harbour, where we were to bring off a small party who had landed secretly on a part of the coast to the south of our appointed meeting-place, and were to join us a few miles from the village. The harbour was only a small fishing one, and there was nothing to fear on the land-side; but as some of the enemy's ships might catch sight of us, we kept a strict look-out, and did not make towards land till dusk. I was one of the party selected to go ashore in the boat, and the watchword to those we came to meet was "The little sentinel." Perhaps it is because of all that happened afterwards that I remember that night so well; but when I close my eyes I can just see the moon shining out by fits and starts from behind the clouds, and the waves leaping up in the light. We had gone on quietly for some time, when, suddenly, a dark object loomed in front of us, and we saw in a moment it was the hull of a vessel. Our only chance was that they had not seen us, and that by laying-to for a few minutes till we found all quiet, we might shift our course a bit, and yet reach land. So we lay-to, every face turned to our huge enemy. She lay quite still and dark, not a light to be seen, not a sound to be heard. I could hear my heart beat as I leaned forward on my oar, and turned my head over my shoulder. It did not beat with fear, however, but with excitement. "Muffle oars!" was whispered down the boat's length. "Now, boys!" and we glided straight off to the right, catching the full length

of the vessel with her ugly rows of cannon as we did so. Still, no one hailed us, and no lights were seen, when, suddenly, a voice was heard on one side of us. "Boat ahoy!—boat ahoy!" came from the other side at the same moment. We were fairly caught—an enemy's boat on each side. The French had been too cunning for us; their boats had been out on the watch, and we had fallen in with them as neatly as they could wish. "Gentlemen, you are our prisoners," said the kind, polite Frenchman. I believe if he had shot us through the head, he would have said: "I beg your pardon." How I longed to fight them all, one at a time! but it was useless to resist, they were more than double our number, for we had left space for the land-birds in our boat. We were now compelled to divide our party, some being sent into each of the Frenchmen's boats, while the lieutenant, I, and two others remained in our own. The French boats made for the vessel; we were politely told to continue on our way. It was pretty clear what they wanted. They meant to take the land-party prisoners also. We made for the point; they knew it as well as ourselves. "We shall meet your friends on shore, gentlemen," said the French officer, with his strong accent; "we shall invite them to our boat; but as we do not speak English very well, we shall take our friend here; he has the air of a simple lad; he shall give the word, and invite them on board."'

[*Write from dictation*]

I do not remember that anything particular occurred for the first two or three years; but one night, with great excitement, we entered upon a secret and dangerous adventure, which ended by our being suddenly and skilfully taken prisoners.

TOM'S FIRST ADVENTURE—*Concluded.*

[*Spell and write*]

substitute, vexation, resistance, escape, deceived, innocent, response, regiment, expression.

'I was the simple lad; and a very pleasant thing I found it to land with six Frenchmen at my heels, and invite a party of English to be taken prisoners. As I passed our lieutenant, he gave me a look. I thought it said: "You 'll die first, Tom." "Ay, ay, sir," I said, and sprang on shore. A peculiar whistle was to be our first signal, and I resolved to substitute another for it. Think of my vexation, when the Frenchman beside me gave the signal as well as if his mouth had been a British one, and it was immediately answered from a small wood to our right, that ran along the road down to the water's edge. The French marched towards it, with me in the midst of them.

"Halt!" cried a voice from the trees; "the password."

"Speak, speak," whispered one of my captors, "and we will reward you well."

'Now it struck me pretty clearly that if they had known the password, they would have risked their accent, and shouted it themselves, for the Frenchmen spoke English uncommonly well, so I made up my mind they didn't know it. Any way, it was my duty to risk it. "Cunning foxes!" I shouted. I saw in a moment the Frenchmen did not know what the word was, for they waited in the hope of seeing their victims appear. But I caught a low crackling sound in the bushes, and knew that they were warned, and were making off. "Let us go near, sir," I said to the captain; "they will not fire on

us now." I knew the party was too small for resistance, and felt sure of their escape—a hope dawned on me, too, that I might get off myself in the wood; but the Frenchman mistrusted me; and though he sent two men into the wood, who came back as wise as they went, he took care not to let me stir an inch. When the men returned to us, he muttered something in French, and said in a low tone to me: "If you have deceived us, I will throw you into the sea like a dog, sir—like a dog!" I thought it best to be silent; but every time that any of them looked at me, their eyes glared, as if they could eat me. I tried to look as like a simple innocent lad as I could, but I was wondering all the time how my Frenchman would try and find me out. "Perhaps he will ask one of the others," said I to myself; "and then overboard I go." So as soon as I was within hearing of the boat, I said: "Now, sir, let me ask the lieutenant what the word was; then you will know the truth."

"Well, speak," he said.

"Mr Lieutenant!" I shouted.

"Ay, ay," he said.

"Is not 'Cunning foxes' the password?"

"Ay, ay," was the response; and I knew a quiet chuckle followed the words. Poor lad, it was the last joke he ever laughed over! Another muttered French word from my French captain, and he seized me by the collar, as if he would choke me; but I looked up so simply into his face, and said: "There, sir," as if I were so well satisfied, that he clearly did not know whether I was a fool or a knave. We went into the boat; and as we neared the French ship, were joined by the two other boats, loaded with French sailors armed to the teeth. We made rapidly for our vessel. The intention of the

French was clear: they meant to board the vessel under pretence of being our own party come back. To make the plan quite sure, the Frenchman sat down and tried to bribe our lieutenant to betray his ship. I heard him talking of the French emperor—how he rewarded his officers—what fortunes and grand titles he gave them. He said: "You shall never serve against the English. You shall be sent to foreign countries; but you shall be a general within two years, and you shall receive"——

"Speak French, sir," said the young man, and they talked long in low voices; and the young lieutenant seemed, by his manner, to give way to his arguments, and to be going over to his side. I was growing hot and angry, when I felt the young man's hand steal softly into my pocket—mine followed it; and he gave me what I felt to be a ring wrapped in paper. I bent my head down low, to shew I knew what he meant, and would obey him; and then the tears came into my eyes, for I knew the brave boy had resolved to die rather than betray his comrades. We neared the ship; my heart died within me—not for myself, but for the brave fellows who were to fall victims to their stealthy foes. I had opened my mouth to shout, and try to warn them, when my young officer rose, leaning hard on my shoulder as he did so, with a kindly firm pressure. I looked up at him, and his face had the same expression as when I passed him to jump on shore. He took a speaking-trumpet from the Frenchman's hand, and put it to his mouth. At the same time, the French captain rose, and placed a pistol so near the young man's forehead, that the cold steel touched him; but he never flinched. I made a sudden spring.

"Silence, or I shoot him!" hissed the Frenchman.

I shrank back, and laid my head on my knees.

"Boat ahoy!" shouted the lieutenant, and his voice did not shake. The hail was answered from the ship. The moon hid behind clouds, the last chance of our captain catching a glimpse of the Frenchmen was gone. "All well, sir?" said the captain, coming to the side of the ship. "All wrong, sir—the French!" shouted the young lieutenant; and as the words passed his lips, the pistol was fired, and he fell overboard. The Frenchman's eyes followed him, and they were full of tears. "Brave boy!" I heard him say, as I sprang overboard. No one noticed me, all were intent on reaching the ship. I saw the lieutenant rise a few yards from me; a few quick strokes, and I had seized him before he sank again. The moon came out, and shone on his face, and for a minute I held him; but I saw he was quite dead—so young, so brave, quite dead—with a smile on his firm-set lips—the smile of a true brave heart. I let him go, that I might do as he had bidden me, and the waves closed over him, and I felt as if I had lost a brother. I swam for the ship, swung myself up by a chain to the port-hole, and was soon in the thick of a fight. How I fought that night, as if I were possessed! They called me brave afterwards; it was not courage, but wild grief and fierce revenge I felt; and when it was over, and the French driven off—for we drove them off, and fought their ship next day, and got back our men safe and sound—I sat down and cried as if my heart would break. Our fellows could not make it out at first, till I told them the whole thing, and then many raised their hands to their caps, and not a few rubbed their sleeves across their eyes.

The first thing I did when I went ashore, before I went to see father, and mother, and Sally, and little

Jack, was to carry the ring to the address on the paper it was wrapped in, and I found an old lady with soft gray hair. She had heard her son was dead, but she knew no particulars about it till I told her; and she cried, and his sisters cried; but yet it seemed to comfort her, for she said again and again: "And he died with a smile on his face—my only son, my brave, true boy!"

'There, my lads, that is the end of my first adventure.'

[*Write from dictation*]

The young lieutenant, though resolved not to betray his countrymen, seemed to yield to the Frenchman's arguments, while in reality he had determined to die rather than be untrue. He was shot on the spot, and fell overboard—an example to all Englishmen.

CHRISTMAS IN THE BUSH.

1.

Oh, I wish I were back in the dear, dear old land,
Where each face was the face of a friend;
I am weary of countries that always are strange,
Of forests and plains without end.
I wish I could talk the old neighbourly talk,
Or stroll only once down the lane;
Or go into the church just as service begins,
And join in the singing again.

2.

I could cry like a child when I think that to-day,
The old table is spread there at home;
And they 're gathering round it, just out of the church,
All but one: one who never will come.

The children are there, to the youngest and least,
Wee things just beginning to speak;
Will any one miss me and wish I was there?
Oh yes, mother has tears on her cheek.

3.

She thinks of her absent boy, morn, noon, and night,
And prays for him, too, on her knees;
She knows not I'd give up all chances of wealth,
For a crust of her brown bread and cheese.
She knows not what I but too dearly have learned,
Though I would not believe it when told;
There are riches in home, and in love and its smiles,
Oh, far more than in nuggets of gold.

4.

I wonder sometimes—shall I always live here?
Or live here till they're all of them dead;
I wonder when my time for dying shall come,
Will nobody watch by my bed?
Will they bury me here, out here in the bush,
Where the forest trees over me wave?
No prayer and no bell, and no mourners around,
Nor any to visit my grave?

HARRY BERTRAM.

A Tale for the Working-man.

PART I.—MACHINERY.

When Harry Bertram returned from Australia, he found sad changes at home. His father was dead, and his mother was preparing to leave the little cottage in which she had lived so many years. His eldest brother

was married, and had a large family; he was not a very skilful workman, and it was as much as he could do to keep them all in food and clothes. All this poor old Mrs Bertram told Harry, not without tears, the night he came home, and Harry wished—O how he wished!—he had been able to stay abroad longer, and earn money enough to make her comfortable in her old age! He was come home on business for his master; he was to go back in three months, and all he had saved, in addition to the small sums sent home from time to time, was £80.

'Let me think it over, mother,' said Harry, 'and see what can be done; you are not strong enough for work.'

'There is no help for it, my dear,' said Mrs Bertram; 'I must just take in washing, and do what I can.'

'As if you could stand at the wash-tub all day, mother, so weak as you are,' said Harry, almost angry at the thought.

But his mother shook her head again, and said: 'No help for it, my dear,' in the same quiet, hopeless way as before.

'Well,' said Harry, 'we will see how things look to-morrow. Now, tell me about William and his wife.'

When Harry went to bed that night, he opened his window, and, leaning on his crossed arms, began to think about his mother.

The cottage was her own, her husband had bought it with his savings, thinking that, with no rent to pay, the produce of a good garden and his wages, they would have a comfortable time of it; but he had died suddenly, and his widow had resolved to take a poorer cottage, and to let this one, hoping to live partly by the rent of it.

'Now,' said Harry to himself, 'say mother takes that cottage of Brown's, and lets this one. Garden and house

are worth five shillings a week, but she won't get above three; and what with bad tenants letting the place go down, and not paying their rent regularly, and neglecting the garden, and perhaps its standing empty for months, there is not much profit to look for there.

'Then Brown's house—it's a nasty, close, dirty hole; there's a dirty ditch at the back of the yard, and noisy neighbours—no garden at all, and nothing like comfort or neatness anywhere. It would shorten mother's days if she went there.

'She must stay where she is,' said Harry, and he gave the window-sill a thump that made the glass rattle.

'Well, but what is she to live on?' This was a puzzling question.

'There's the garden—a man might make a decent thing of it; but with her strength she can't do more than grow vegetables for herself, and maybe help William with a few, if he gives her an hour or two's digging and planting, as I know he will, poor lad. She might keep a pig, but what is she to keep herself upon?' This was the old question come back again.

'Now, if I were to lay out all I have saved in an annuity for her, it would not bring enough to keep soul and body together, and I can put it out to far better purpose in Australia, and be able in a few years to keep her altogether. God bless her!' and here one of Harry's hands was rubbed across his eyes. 'But, then, if anything were to happen to me—what I want is to feel she's provided for, and she hasn't strength to do as much washing now as will really provide for her, let alone what she will be able to do when she's a bit older.'

Harry came to no conclusion that night nor the next day, when he was busy visiting his old friends; but, three days later, when he was reading the paper, he frightened his mother by crying out: 'Here it is!—I've got it!'

'What, my dear? What is the matter?' said Mrs Bertram.

'This is Monday, mother. I am going to London to-morrow, and I shall be back on Thursday. I'll tell you all about it then.'

His mother smiled at Harry's energy, and supposing it was something about his master's business, asked no more questions.

On Thursday Harry came home, and he brought with him such a huge machine, with wheels here and wheels there, that Mrs Bertram was bewildered as she looked at it.

'Is it for farming, Harry?' she asked.

'No, no, mother, that is for you to earn a living with.'

'Me, my dear,' said his mother, and she laughed as she hadn't laughed for years. Harry joined in the laugh, and then he grew serious.

'Look here, mother; this is a washing-machine, and a wringing-machine, and a mangling-machine, all in one.'

'Impossible, Harry!'

'Wait a bit, mother. You know you were vexed at my taking away my things to London dirty; well, I have brought them back, washed and mangled, and I saw it done, and that was what did it.'

Harry then explained to his mother how the machine was used, and persuaded her to try it, while he helped her by turning the handle. A whole basket of clothes was washed and wrung so quickly, that the poor woman

was delighted. 'Why, my dear boy,' she said, 'I should have spent four or five hours over them; and they are really quite clean, and not a bit the worse for it. I thought these things tore the clothes.'

'Some of them do,' said Harry; 'but this has all the newest improvements, mother. You will do double the washing, and be able to do it cheaper than any one else. Why, mother, you'll be making your fortune; you won't look at a poor fellow like me when I come home next time.'

'My dear boy!' said his mother, and she went to bed that night with a grateful heart.

PART II.—CAPITAL AND COMPETITION.

The next day the rector's wife, who had a large family, and wanted her washing done as cheaply as possible, called on Mrs Bertram, and when she saw the machine, arranged with her the price of her washing per dozen, and promised her regular employment. Harry was much pleased; it was enough to provide for his mother, and she could undertake more with a little help. 'You might have William's eldest girl in, mother. She seems a nice child; she could help you, and be learning herself, and you could well afford to keep and clothe her.' William was very glad to send Patty to his mother, and Patty was glad to go, for she was fourteen now, and able to do something for herself.

But think of poor Harry's sorrow when, two days later, he found his mother in tears, and on asking the cause, was told that Mrs Somers had been calling, and she said the machine was a wicked invention, just meant to take the food out of poor folks' mouths. 'And I am afraid

she is right, Harry,' said Mrs Bertram; 'for why should I undersell the other washerwomen, and lower prices—I, a lone widow, and they with little mouths to feed maybe? It does not seem right now, Harry; does it?'

'No, mother, not as you put it. But I know it is right for all that. Let me just think it out quietly, and I shall find the reason.'

He sat with his head in his hands for some minutes; and this is what he thought: 'If a washing-machine is wrong, then all other machines are wrong; but every one uses a machine of some kind. A plough 's a machine, so 's a spade, and if a spade 's a machine, so is a knife and a spoon. Then the first wicked man must have been the man who left off eating with his fingers. Come, that won't do; and besides, iron and wood were not given us for nothing—and we can't eat them.

'I have heard of people in the factory-places destroying machines; but they did it because they were better than the old machines, for I suppose if there were no machines at all, no weaving could be done; we should have to go back to the skins of wild beasts, sewn together. Halloa! that won't do, for we can't sew without a needle, and a needle is a machine, if ever there was one.'

Harry looked up with his merry laugh, and saw his mother putting a saucepan on the fire. 'Mother! mother!' he said, 'how can you be so wicked?'

'What is it, Harry?' said his mother.

'Why, that iron machine you are putting on the fire!'

'My dear! it 's a saucepan.'

'Well, mother, but a saucepan is an iron machine. There was a time when people put their food on the embers, or ate it raw, till some clever body invented a thing to cook with.'

'But, my dear, what would become of the poor men who make saucepans, if we refused to use them?'

'True, mother, and what would become of the washing-machine makers, if we refused to use them?'

'Well, my boy, I can't argue; but what I feel is, that I may be taking the bread out of other people's mouths!'

'The first man who used a plough instead of a spade, felt the same, maybe; and the first man who used a spade, instead of grubbing a hole in the ground and putting seed in, may have said as you do; but it would have been a dreadful thing if no one had begun to use these machines, we should have been starved long ago.'

Just at this moment Patty came in from the grocer's, where she had been to buy tea and sugar. 'I hope you went to Smith's,' said her mother, 'and not to Somers's?'

'Yes, indeed, grandmother,' said Patty; 'trust me for knowing the cheapest shop!'

'Why, is Smith's the cheapest?' asked Harry.

'Yes,' said his mother, 'and the best too.'

'How is that?' asked Harry.

'Well, you see,' said Mrs Bertram, 'he was a saving man in his youth was Smith; and when he opened that shop, he had plenty of ready money, so he could go to the best markets and pay at once for what he got, and sell it cheaper than poor Somers, who was always behind-hand, poor fellow.'

'And you deal with this wicked Smith!' said Harry laughing.

'Wicked! he is a most respectable man!'

'But he does more business than Somers.'

'Twice as much, Harry; and surely he has a right to benefit by his own savings and his father's!'

'Yes, mother, the same right that you have to benefit by mine,' said Harry, pointing to the washing-machine.

'That is true,' said his mother. 'Yes! I see what you mean. Smith profits by his savings, and I profit by yours; and it would be hard if the thrifty didn't profit by their thriftiness, and if mothers didn't profit by good sons too, Harry!'

'They've a right to do so, mother, when they have brought them up, as you did us!' said Harry, kissing Mrs Bertram.

'But, Harry, about the underselling?'

'It simply means, mother, that you can afford to do it cheaper, and you *do* it cheaper, because you can do so much more in a day than those who use their hands only; and so you earn more money than others. The machine —or my savings, if you like it better—would be no profit at all to you if you could not wash cheaper than other people.'

'I know this,' said little Patty, 'we have had a deal more good grocery since Mr Smith began. Why, the very first day mother went to his shop, Uncle Harry, out of the difference of price paid for a pound of rice, bought a pot of treacle for us children, and a rasher of bacon for father's Sunday breakfast!'

'There, mother, you see others profit by it as well as you. How many families like William's have had more comforts because Smith and his father saved money, and now lay it out to the best advantage?'

As he spoke, they heard a light step on the garden-path; it was Miss Gardiner's, the village dressmaker. 'Oh, good-day, Mrs Bertram,' she said, as she put her smart little head in at the door. 'I called to ask—— Dear me, is that your son come home from Australia? Well, I'm

sure, we're very glad to see him back again; what pleasure for you, Mrs Bertram! I was saying I called to ask about your washing-machine. We hear washing is to be done cheap; and, oh! the blessing it will be to us if it is. Why, you know, I am always busy, and my poor sister Annie—do you remember Annie, Mr Harry?—she is so delicate that washing half kills her, and spoils her hands for fine work besides. I have said to her again and again: "Annie, if we could afford to put out our washing, we should be able to do more work and cheaper work," and she has said to me: "But we can't afford it, Milly, and it's no use talking;" and now, if only you can wash for us at a cheaper rate; do tell me all about it?'

So they told her all about it, and poor little Annie was delivered from slaving at the washing-tub from that day.

But this was only one of many instances in which the blessing was felt in other homes; and wherever money was spared in this way, it was expended in another, so that the benefit was much more widely spread than it seemed likely to be at first. The sufferers were the other washerwomen; but Mrs Bertram often gave them ironing to do at as profitable a rate as formerly, she had so much more than she herself could manage. One or two who were not well-skilled took to charing. The rector's wife regularly employed a charwoman, now her washing was not so great an expense; and some began to lay by, with a view to possessing machines of their own; so that in time, there was some hope that the machine would prove a blessing to every one.

'And you must remember, mother,' said Harry, 'that you are filling two mouths instead of one. Here is little

Patty, growing quite fat and rosy; and William is glad enough to have a mouth less to feed at home, I warrant.'

'And, Uncle Harry, I'm getting on with the ironing. Isn't it true, grandmother? and soon I shall be able to iron a shirt,' said little Patty.

'I'll tell your mother so,' said Harry, 'for I promised to go down, and have a chat with William to-night. I shan't be late, mother.'

PART III.—TAXES AND GOVERNMENT.

It was no great pleasure to Harry to exchange his mother's cheerful fireside and clean house for William's, which was seldom to be found comfortable. However, he was expected, and things looked better than usual. The children were away to bed. Matty, William's wife, was mending clothes; and the two brothers sat down for a chat.

'I wish I'd your chances, Harry,' said William. 'I often say to Matty, if once we were out in the backwoods, we should have room to breathe and turn ourselves, which is more than we have in the old country.'

'Well, I don't know,' said Harry; 'there is not so much difference, perhaps, as you think. It's hard work here, and hard work there—only pleasant enough for those that don't mind hard work.'

'Ah,' said William, who was apt to be grumbling at his lot, because he could not understand that it was his own want of skill that kept him low in his trade, and so always thought it was what he called 'his luck;' 'ah, it is not hard work I mind, but your earnings are your earnings out there; while here, they are ate up on all sides.'

'As how?' asked Harry.

'Well, first, there's rent; and then there's taxes; and if you want to better your home, to turn on water, and have a bit of gas to look cheerful-like, there's gas-rates and water-rates.'

'As for rent,' said Harry, 'there is no place I ever saw worth living in, that you hadn't to pay rent for—more here than in a clearing where you'd cut down trees and build a log-hut for yourself certainly; but you might want to improve, and have money enough for gas and water, but it's little you'd get of either, I can tell you.'

'Is water so scarce in those parts, Harry?' asked Matty.

'It is, indeed,' said Harry; 'want of water is the great difficulty in Australia. Then, as to taxes, Bill, if you want to find out the blessing of a regular government, just go and spend a month there. I won't ask any more. Go, and spend a month at the diggings.'

'All very well,' said William; 'but it's hard for a poor man, who works all day, to have to pay taxes, and his children, perhaps, wanting food or shoes.'

'It would be harder to have to dig with a loaded rifle beside you, Bill, and not even to feel safe with that; harder to lie down at night, and wonder if you would rise alive in the morning. To say nothing of the fact, that when you had made money—what with hiding it, and defending it, and the difficulty of carrying it away—you would be worried out of your life. Ah, you'd be glad enough to pay heavy taxes to feel as secure there as you do here.'

'Ah, William,' said Matty, 'it's not so bad but it might be worse, you see.'

'But there are some come home with fortunes,' said William.

'Yes; but how many have died out there, or never succeeded, or been robbed after they have succeeded?' said Harry. 'Do you remember Bob Wilkins of Dartfield? Well, I met him one day at the diggings, and he told me he was off for Melbourne the next day. "I've a good escort," he said; "and I have that to take that requires a good escort;" and he nodded.

"I'm glad to hear it," said I.

"Any message for the old country?" he asked, and went off as gay as a lark.

'Well, the next day he started. But he and his escort were attacked by a band of rascals who had been on the watch for Bob. Some of the party escaped, but Bob was shot through the head, and every farthing of gold was carried off. One of the robber-gang was taken not long after in the act of robbing a man's tent; and before he was hung, he said how they had dodged and watched Bob for months before he left.'

'He was hung, was he?' said William. 'Then you have got some law out there too, and police, I suppose, or who took him up?'

'Police and judges and executioners all in one, Bill—the gallows, the nearest tree. No taxes to pay for keeping up prisons—no pause—no inquiry—no chance for the innocent to prove his innocence—that is your law and police out there, my boy.'

'William,' said Matty, 'you don't catch me going out with my children.'

'But you need not go to the diggings, Matty,' said Harry.

'There are lawless people in other places beside the diggings,' said Matty; 'there are the natives come down on you sometimes, and didn't we hear that dreadful story

last year of a poor girl riding out to meet her brother, as she had often done before, and being found brutally murdered? And her brother, and all the young men in those parts rode off after the blacks, vowing to kill one for every tooth in the poor girl's head. Ah, and they kept their vow, too.'

Harry was grave and silent for a few minutes, then he said: 'These things will happen in countries where there is no regular government, where the population is so scattered, and where might makes right. Every man takes the law into his own hands, and does what he will or what he can. Happy those, say I, that have a regular government, and whose greatest enemy is the tax-gatherer.'

'And yet you are going out again, Harry?' said his brother.

'Yes, William, there must be some to live through these early times in a colony, and who so fit as the young strong men who have not formed household-ties, and risk less than others? Australia is a fine country, too, and when it is opened up, and its government strong enough to keep order and deal justice everywhere, I hope there may be a nation there as great and glorious as Old England.'

'Well, if I were younger,' said William.

'You'd just stay where you are,' said Matty.

'Don't be too hard on the new country, Matty,' said Harry; 'remember it takes away extra mouths from the old country, and leaves more work and more pay for those who stay behind. Besides, one of my errands to-night was to ask if you would let me have that eldest lad of yours to take back with me. He's a nice likely boy, and would do well there. The master told me

to look out for such an one, and I think he would be the very thing.'

PART IV.—HEALTH, VENTILATION, &c.

Matty refused that night, and for many nights after.

'It would not be a bad thing,' said William; 'the lad's chances here are not very bright, and with him and Patty off our hands, we might take that smaller house of Brown's, and with fewer to feed, and less rent, we might get on better, Matty.'

'We can go to Brown's as it is,' said Matty.

'Do you mean that cottage mother talked of taking?' asked Harry.

'Yes, the rent is lower than this; there are only two bedrooms, but the boys might have a turn-up bed down stairs.'

'If you'll excuse my saying so,' said Harry, 'I think you will lose more than you gain.'

'Two shillings a week is a great saving,' said Matty.

'Not if you have to take it out in doctor's bills,' said Harry.

'You don't think it healthy?' said William.

'I am sure it is not; there is an open drain not a hundred yards from the door, there are no back windows, so that you can't air the house thoroughly; the windows don't open if there were any, and the lower room is as damp as half stone flags, and half a mud floor can make it.'

'I didn't observe all that,' said William. 'I never heard of anything very bad there—I mean in the way of illness. To be sure they had fever last year, and two or three children died along that row, but then we had fever here too.'

'Who had it first?' said Harry.

'Well, they had down there.'

'And it spread up here, and how many died up on the hill?'

'Not one that I heard of; eh, Matty?'

'No,' said Matty; 'but surely, Harry, you don't think that people are to be blamed for illness. I always thought those troubles came from above, and were to be taken as such.'

'They may come from above in this sense, Matty, that if we break God's laws we are punished for it.'

'Oh, Harry! and illness, we are told, is often a blessing.'

'So it is, Matty, for the Almighty overrules our evil doings for our good; but that is no reason for our doing evil.'

'And you call it wicked and evil to live in an unhealthy house?'

'Yes, I do,' said Harry, 'if you choose to put it in that way. You risk the health and strength God has given you; you risk your children, body and soul.'

'I don't see what the worse their souls will be,' said Matty, a little angry.

'My dear Matty,' said Harry kindly, 'do you mean to tell me that your Patty and the rest of your children are to be compared to the children living in Brown's Row.'

'No, indeed,' said Matty; 'the dirty little objects. I should like to see our children dare to play with them, that's all.'

'Well,' said Harry, 'do you think it makes no difference to their minds, as well as their bodies, that you keep them sweet and clean, that they sleep in pure air

at night, and eat their food in wholesome air in the day.'

'It may, of course,' said Matty.

'Now those poor little objects in Brown's Row—a pallid sickly set they are—drink in poison at every breath; their sleeping-rooms are crowded and close; their living-room is never fresh and sweet; their food does not digest as it would in wholesome houses.'

'Well,' said Matty, 'they are to be pitied, sure enough.'

'Indeed they are,' said William; 'there is that child of Lawson's that had those bad sores on it, Matty, it has never got well yet, and it is just wasting away.'

'Nothing like good air for healing bad places,' said Harry.

'And those Skinners, that took measles when ours did,' said Matty, 'they have never got over it—I suppose Harry will say that is bad air too.'

'I'm afraid he will say it has much to do with it,' said Harry laughing.

'Well, any way, that poor little Thompson with a diseased hip was born so, and the ditch and the close houses have nothing to do with that,' said Matty, triumphantly.

'I'm not so sure of it, if her mother lived there before her birth,' said Harry, shaking his head; 'at anyrate, the poor thing might have had a chance of getting well in a better place.'

'It is all very well,' said William, 'but what are we to do? If we can't afford to live here, we must live there.'

'Only you must prove that you will really save by it first,' said Harry. 'Why don't you try and make your rent out of your garden?'

'Well, you see, it has always been as it is now, a bit of waste ground like, and mother keeps us pretty much in vegetables, and it didn't seem worth while; it would take a deal of time and labour.'

'If you like to begin,' said Harry, 'I'll lend you a hand while I'm at home. I've set mother's ground straight, and really want something to do.'

'Agreed,' said William, 'and then Matty you can have a few flowers.'

'And keep bees,' said Matty.

William laughed. 'Do you know, Harry, the first few years we were married Matty was always wanting to keep bees.'

'And so I want to now,' said Matty; 'mother will give me a hive, I know, and she always makes a nice little sum by hers.'

The next day the ground was trenched, and ten days later the neglected yard was turned into a neat garden, and a border under the window was filled with flowers for Matty. There was to be a seat at one side, and a stand for bees on the other. William was already projecting a pigsty in the furthest corner; and as it was large enough to prevent any ill odour reaching the house, Harry was likely to yield consent. 'If it does nothing else,' he said to himself, 'it will prevent that heap of cabbage-leaves and potato-peelings that I used to see rotting in the corner. A clean-kept pig is far better than that.'

There was no more said about Brown's Row, except that the two brothers had a talk one day about the necessity for three bedrooms to every poor man's house. 'Patty is a nice, quiet, modest girl,' said Harry. 'But, William, what would she have been if you had brought her up in

Brown's Row, and she and her brothers had had one room in common till now?'

William shook his brother's hand: 'Thank you, Harry,' he said; 'you have somehow put new life in me. Now I've the garden to employ me, and have given up those meetings at the One Ton, where we used to abuse the tax-gatherer, while we drank what would have paid him, I feel happier, and seem to work better. And there's Matty with her bees and her flowers, she looks ten years younger, and she keeps the house as nice again, and sticks a nosegay in the window, and makes it quite smart like and cheerful.'

'I am glad she will let Tom go out with me, after all,' said Harry.

'Yes; it will be a sore parting; but it gives his brothers a better chance, and him a better chance; and you 'll be a father to him, Harry, and a better one than I 've been.'

'I don't promise that,' said Harry; 'but I 'll do my best.'

It was the week after this that Harry and Tom went to Australia.

THE OAK-TREE.

1.

Long ago in changeful autumn,
When the leaves were turning brown,
From the tall oak's topmost branches
Fell a little acorn down.

2.

And it tumbled by the pathway,
And a chance foot trod it deep
In the ground, where all the winter
In its shell it lay asleep,

3.

With the white snow lying over,
And the frost to hold it fast,
Till there came the mild spring weather,
When it burst its shell at last.

4.

First shot up a sapling tender,
Scarcely seen above the ground;
Then a mimic little oak-tree,
Spread its tiny arms around.

5.

Many years the night dews nursed it,
Summers hot, and winters long,
The sweet sun looked bright upon it,
While it grew up tall and strong.

6.

Now it standeth like a giant,
Casting shadows broad and high,
With huge trunk and leafy branches,
Spreading up into the sky.

7.

There the squirrel loves to frolic,
There the wild birds rest at night,
There the cattle come for shelter
In the noontime hot and bright.

8.

Child, when haply thou art resting
'Neath the great oak's monster shade,
Think how little was the acorn,
Whence that mighty tree was made.

9.

Think how simple things and lowly,
Have a part in nature's plan,
How the great hath small beginnings,
And the child will be a man.

10.

Little efforts work great actions,
Lessons in our childhood taught,
Mould the spirit to that temper,
Whereby noblest deeds are wrought.

11.

Cherish, then, the gifts of childhood,
Use them gently, guard them well;
For their future growth and greatness,
Who can measure, who can tell?

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